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SOME ACCOUNT OF MALTA.

MALTA is sixty miles in circumference, twenty long, and twelve broad. It is mentioned by Homer in his Odyssey, under the name of Hyperia, and was originally inhabited, according to fabulous history, by a race of giants. About 1519 years before Christ, the Phœnicians, conceiving that it might be rendered a useful commercial station, seized upon the island, and established a colony on it. In process of time, it was taken possession of by the Greeks, from whom it passed successively to the Carthaginians, Romans, Vandals and Goths, Arabs, Normans, Germans, French, and Spaniards, with whom it remained till 1530. At that period, Charles V ceded Malta, and its dependencies, together with the city of Tripoli, to the knights hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem, who, having been expelled from Rhodes by the Turks, were at this time wandering over the Mediterranean in quest of an asylum.

This politic prince, whose prudence equalled his activity, considered these possessions in a very different light from his predecessors, who had ever regarded them as of small importance. To command the Mediterranean, to secure the coast of Sicily, to threaten that of Africa, and to interrupt at pleasure all commercial intercourse between the two seas, in the centre of which they were placed, were objects of sufficient importance. His policy alone would have induced him to profit by such circumstances; but his foresight extended further: fearing these important places might, in future, be taken from his successors, who, being obliged to attend to the centre of their dominions, or to the opposite confines, might not be able to keep a force sufficient for the defence of Malta and Goza, and, at the same time, reflecting on the importance of such a conquest to his enemies in Europe, he determined to place them in the hands of some power, which would be particularly interested in preserving them, and which, without being able to annoy any other state, would be respected by all. He also found it advantageous to save the expence of 75,000 dollars, which he was obliged to furnish for the maintenance of the

garrisons of Malta, Goza, &c.

Malta at present contains two cities, and twenty two *casals* or villages. Valletta, the present seat of goverment, so called from the celebrated John de la Vallette, its founder, was built after the memorable siege of St. Elmo. It is a peninsula formed by two admirable harbours, one of which is appropriated to a quarantine establishment, on a very extensive scale. The town and harbours are defended by the most stupendous fortifications. Yet, to the eternal disgrace of the knights, these fortifications, qualified to resist every thing but famine, were, in 1798, surrendered without the shadow of resistance. Whether the French owed their success on this occasion to the imbecility of the government, or to the treachery of certain members of the order, the knights of Malta are unworthy of being again entrusted with so valuable a deposit.

Valletta is distinguished by a regularity and grandeur, and by the number and magnificence of public buildings. Of these the most remarkable are the palace of the grand master, the hotels of the different languages which composed the order, the library, the hospitals, and the church of St. John. Of the magnificent ornaments which adorned the latter, none were spared by the French, who, from the first moment of their arrival, began to carry away, by night, every thing made of gold or silver, in order to convert them into ingots.

Amongst the paintings which adorn this church, is the celebrated altar-piece of Michael Angelo Caravaggio. It is said, that whilst Caravaggio was pursuing his studies in Italy, he happened to quarrel with a person of some distinction, who availed himself of the superiority of his rank to evade the challenge of the painter. Quitting the place, Caravaggio took a voyage to Malta, where he remained a considerable time, and ingratiated himself so much with the knights, as to obtain permission to wear the badge of the order, or, in other words, to be admitted a "*chevalier de grace.*" In gratitude for this favour, Carravagio presented his benefactors with this picture, the subject of which is the beheading of St. John. Caravaggio, returning to Italy, renewed the challenge, and fought and conquered his antagonist, who had now no excuse to urge for refusing to meet him.

Citta Vecchia, or the *Old City*, was formerly the capital, and is still the seat of the bishoprick. The cathedral is a handsome building, and contains some good paintings by Matteo Preti, *Calabrese.* The catacombs near this town are very extensive, and branch out into streets in all directions. It is supposed that they were orriginally intended for sepulchres; but the inhabitants have frequently taken refuge in them from persecution or invasion.

The face of the country presents little variety, and the *casals* do not abound in objects of curiosity. The isle is indented by several bays, the most remarkable of which are those of St. Paul, so named from its being supposed to be the place where the apostle suffered shipwreck; and of Marsasuiocco, where the Turks landed in 1565. As the island is accessible on all sides except from the south, where the rocks are extremely steep and rugged, armed towers have been erected at convenient distances; and a singular mode of defence has been adopted in those parts where an enemy might most easily disembark. These are stone-mortars, hewn out of the solid rock, which, after being properly charged with powder, convey the loose stones, or other substances, with which they may be filled, to the distance of nearly half a league. Were such a discharge to take effect, it might certainly do great execution in sinking boats, and otherwise annoying the assailant; but no great damage can be feared from mortars which bear only on one point.

Goza is separated from Malta by a narrow passage, somewhat more than a league in breadth, in the middle of which is the small uninhabited

island of Comino. Goza is about twelve miles in length, and six in breadth. It contains only one town, called Rabbato, where the governor resides, and six casals. The only fortress of any consequence in the interior of the island is Rabbato; and the principal landing-place, for there is no harbour, is protected by Fort Chambray, so named from a member of the order, at whose expence it was begun. The coast is surrounded with towers, which can readily communicate alarms to those of Malta. The soil of Goza is, in general, deeper and more productive than that of Malta, and the face of the country more pleasing. Of its natural productions the most remarkable is the *Fungus Melitensis*, formerly held in such estimation, on account of its medicinal qualities, that the grand masters reserved to themselves the exclusive privilege of collecting it. It is chiefly found on a small rock, forty or fifty fathoms from the shore, and accessible only by ropes, to which a small tub is attached. This plant is bissexual, of the class *monæcia monandria*, appears in December and January, and arrives at maturity in April. It is said to have been used with success in cases of dysentery, hemorrhages, and other disorders, in which styptics are required; but its efficacy has not superseded the use of more common remedies.

The Maltese are industrious, active, faithful, economical, courageous, and excellent sailors; but mercenary, passionate, jealous, vindictive, and addicted to thieving. The language is a corrupt dialect of Arabic, with a considerable mixture of Italian and other languages; and though it is probable that the Arabic alphabet was formerly in use, it is now forgotten. Those, who write the language, have recourse to European characters to express, as nearly as possible, the pronunciation of the word employed. As the Italian is now generally understood, business is conducted through the medium of that language. The principles of the ancient Punic might still be found in the Patois of Malta; but the latter has not afforded any assistance in decyphering the Phœnician inscriptions on the different monuments and medals found in the island.

The ground of Malta is constantly sown every year. Each season yields its peculiar crop, and the produce is abundant Land of a middling quality, yields from sixteen to to twenty for one; whilst good land affords thirty-eight, and rich spots sixty-four. Sicily is by no means equally fertile.

The colour of the soil varies in different districts, and it is seldom more than one foot deep above the surface of the rock. It is irrigated chiefly by night dews; but the rock being porous, retains the damp, and keeps the ground constantly fresh. The earth is always removed once in ten years, in order to clear the rock of a thick crust, which prevents the moisture from sufficiently penetrating. When the ground is properly prepared, it produces, the first year, water-melons and garden plants; the next, an excellent fruit, which is preserved during the winter, and distinguished by the name of Maltese melons; and afterwards, barley, the straw of which furnishes fodder for cattle. The ground is ploughed the third year, and planted with cotton; and the fourth, sown with corn. The land afterwards yields these different crops alternately; but care is always taken to prepare the ground, particularly the year the cotton tree is to bear, when it is necessary to reduce the earth into a kind of powder.

Three species of cotton are cultivated; one natural to the country, another from Siam, and the third of a cinnamon colour, called Antilles cotton. These are sown in April, and the top of the plant is cut in the beginning of September, that the fruit may grow larger. It is gathered in October, when it begins to open, which is a sign that it is sufficiently ripe. It is sown in the following manner: a hole, some

inches deep, is made in the ground, which is afterwards filled with water, and when it is sufficiently soaked, the seed is put into it, and covered over, without being watered again till it begins to shoot out of the ground. The plant presently grows to the height of from ten to fifteen inches, and blooms in August.

Wheat is sown in November, after the ground has been ploughed three times, and cut in the beginning of June: barley likewise is sown in the former month, and reaped in May. There is a kind of corn called *Tommon*, which grows in poor land, and the bread made of it is particularly white. This grain is sown in February.

Each field is enclosed with walls, to shelter the different plants from wind and rain, during spring and autumn.

Necessity, the parent of industry, has taught the Maltese to make a sort of artificial land in the barren parts of the island. They begin by levelling the rock; which, however, they allow to incline a little, that all superabundant water may run off. They then heap together some stones broken into small pieces of an irregular form, which they place about a foot high, and cover with a bed of the same stones nearly reduced to powder. On this they first place a bed of earth, brought either from other parts of the island, or taken out of the clefts of the rocks; then a bed of dung, and afterwards a second bed of earth: such, indeed, is the perseverance of the labourer, that it becomes in time equally fertile with natural land.

Malta and Goza produce fruits of exquisite flavour, excellent roots, and very fine flowers; the roses in particular are much sweeter scented than in any other country. They likewise yield great quantities of *comino*, *aniseed*, *kalimagnum*, *loricella*, *silla*, and *lichen*; this last grows on rocks exposed to the north, and is used for dyeing the amaranthus colour. *Silla* is peculiar to Malta and Goza, and is of a better quality in the last island. This plant grows to the height of five feet, and bears a red flower. Tournefort calls it *hedysacrum clypeatum flore suaviter rubente*. It serves for fodder, is sown in June, and mowed in May. The same ground is afterwards filled with corn, and the following year the silla comes up again of itself: it likewise shoots out the third year, but has then lost all strength and quality.

The chief articles of exportation are, cotton thread, cummin seed, barilla ashes, wrought stones for pavement, oranges of an excellent quality, orange flower water, salt, and honey: to these may be added gold chains and fillagree, in the manufacture of which they are only excelled by the Venetians and Portuguese. Their only other manufacture is a cotton stuff, used by the peasantry for clothing.

The breed of dogs, for which Malta was remarkable, even in the time of the Romans, is now almost extinct: they are of an extremely diminutive size, but well proportioned, and covered with long silky hair. The asses reared in the island are remarkable for strength and beauty: of these several have of late been imported to Britain; a circumstance which has tended so much to increase the price of these animals at Malta, that no less than 175 dollars have been paid for one jack-ass.

As a great proportion of Malta and Goza is unproductive, and of that which is cultivated a considerable part is employed in rearing cotton, they produce not much more than one fourth of the corn consumed by the numerous inhabitants. Supplies are therefore from time to time derived from Sicily, the coast of Barbary, and other parts of the Mediterranean. Under the order, and even prior to its establishment at Malta, it was thought expedient to provide against the inconveniencies which might arise from trusting to casual supplies. All private traffic in corn was therefore prohibited, and certain magistrates, styled *jurats*, were charged with the pur-

chase of grain, for the consumption of the whole island, who sold it out to the inhabitants at a stated price. The grain was preserved in large pits dug in the rock, with beds of wood and straw, on which it was spread. When these were filled, they were closed by a large stone, which was plastered over with puzzolana; and the air being thus excluded, the corn might be preserved for a great length of time. Under the present government it has been found expedient to continue this mode of supply. The price at which the inhabitants are furnished with corn, is, on the average, considerably less than the retail price in Sicily and Italy; and if the government occasionally sustain a loss by the transaction, it is compensated by a correspondent gain in plentiful years, though, on the whole, a small profit is derived, whilst the people are certain of being supplied at a moderate price.

Reaumur's thermometer in Malta in summer is generally below 25 degrees, and scarcely ever above 28. In winter it is very seldom lower than 8 degrees above the freezing point. Most heat and cold are not felt when the thermometer is at either of the two extreme points of our temperature; for there is an almost constant contrast between our sensations and the instruments which measure the true temperature of the air, between sensible and real heat.

The different directions of the wind produce an instantaneous change from cold to heat and from heat to cold. North or north-west winds always occasion cold; and a south wind constantly brings heat. The violence with which they blow modifies the sensations they cause, and those produced by these winds become still stronger, because the atmosphere they put in motion is analogous to what we feel from real heat and extreme cold.

A north-west wind purifies the air in the greatest degree; a nor.h-east wind is not quite so pure; and it becomes infinitely less so when it changes to the south-east or the south; but it grows rather better when it veers to the south-west, particularly if the sea be much agitated. The north-west wind is purified by the vast expanse of sea which it passes over; but the north wind would suffer some degree of alteration from Italy and Sicily, if the great vegetation in those fine countries did not tend to purify the atmosphere.

When the wind changes to the south, it becomes dangerous, from having passed over the barren burning sands of Africa, where there is scarcely any vegetation, and where the heat is so intense, that every thing susceptible of rarefaction in the earth produces exhalations, which enter into the atmosphere. It is not purified by passing over the sea, because the channel is narrow, and being sheltered by the land, the water is not sufficiently agitated to absorb by its motion the miasmata with which the air is impregnated.

The extreme cold during winter is produced by the pure air which blows from the north. The winds act upon us by their great violence, which continually renews the volume of air that surrounds us. The cold thus produced is easily avoided, by not exposing ourselves to the constant currents of air and violence of the wind.

In summer when the wind blows from the south-east, the usual purity of the air is so greatly impaired, that were it to change a few degrees more, it would be impossible to breathe; and the insensible perspiration of the body would form so thick an atmosphere, that suffocation must ensue. The south winds never blow long at a time, seldom lasting more than three or four days. They are frequently succeeded by a calm, during which the heat is also very great, but much less oppressive and suffocating, though the thermometer frequently shows a much higher degree of real heat. The air is then infinitely more pure; and the sea-breezes during the night, and

indeed some part of the day, greatly refresh the atmosphere. This air is purified by passing over the water, which it gently agitates. There is also a morning land-breeze, which, though less pure, cools the air in some degree.

When the wind changes suddenly from south to north, we feel an astonishing lightness, our sensations are inexpressibly pleasant, and we breathe with the greatest freedom. It is a certain fact, that on these occasions the air becomes 20 or 25 degrees more pure, though there is no variation in the thermometer.

Nothing is more salutary during the sirocco than iced beverages: they revive the spirits, strengthen the body, and assist digestion. Snow is therefore considered at Malta as one of the first necessaries of life. It is brought from Sicily, and administered to the sick. Whenever there is a scarcity of this article, all that remains in the ice-houses is reserved for the hospitals.

There is another method much in vogue among the young Maltese, who, in order to guard against the sirocco, plunge into water, and come out by degrees, without drying themselves, that the humidity on the skin may evaporate, by which means the vapour carries off not only some part of the heat of the body, it being an excellent conductor, but at the same time the miasmata of our insensible perspiration.

V.

For the Literary Magazine.

HYDROPHOBIA.

A CELEBRATED Italian physician, Mr. Rossi, has given the public some new cases of hydrophobia, by which the causes of that terrible disease are placed in a new point of view. The cases were as follows:

A young man was bit by a cat in the leg; he suffered acute pain for some time; this ceased, and he became well. Every method of preventive for hydrophobia was used, cautery, caustic alkalis, blisters, &c., but all in vain: the 49th day the symptoms appeared, and the patient died with his teeth fixed in a piece of iron, which he had seized hold of. It is remarkable, that the cat had only been rendered furious by being confined in a room, and tormented. On dissecting it, the brain and cerebellum were found to be inflamed, with other symptoms of disease; and similar appearances were found on dissecting the patient.

In the second case, a cow-feeder having remarked a cat often coming to steal the milk in his dairy, lay in wait for it, and attacked it with a hatchet. There was a considerable contest, till at last the cat, unable to avoid an approaching blow, leapt at the man and seized his chin, whence there was no possibility of detaching it, but by cutting off its head. The patient was carried to the hospital, and all the preventives of hydrophobia, as cautery, purging, bleeding, and mercurial salivation applied. On the 20th day, the fatal symptoms made their appearance: he experienced much difficulty in swallowing water, but this he overcame with great fortitude; the difficulty increased, and the wound became bad; the patient grew furious; endeavoured to bite every one that came near him; was bound with chains, and immediately broke them in pieces; leapt from his bed; ran up and down the hospital, attempting to bite all he met; till, reaching the outer door, in order to escape, he was seized with a shivering, and fell down dead. The dissection of his body offered appearances similar to the others; the ramifications of nerves on the pharynx were, as usual, very tender and easily broken, and the pharynx itself livid.

It appears from these cases, that certain animals, on being violently affected with fear or rage, become subject to some morbid influence, with gives them the dreadful power of imparting this disease by their bite. It is somewhat remarkable

that the domestic animal which, of all others, is the most subject to the wanton cruelty of man, should thus possess the most formidable of all means of revenge, and become suddenly endued with the fatal weapon, at the very moment when the injury has been inflicted.

This may seem, to some, at the first glance, an example of that wisdom and justice which pervades the universe, and by which every animal is provided with weapons suitable to its own defence; but a little reflection will inform us that the weapon is useless for defence, and serves only for revenge; it is used indiscriminately against the assailant, and the indifferent spectator; and finally, it is as certainly fatal to the possessor, as to those against whom it is employed. The whole fact must, therefore, be classed amongst those inscrutable dispensations of Providence, from which we are not permitted to draw any inference, except that of our own profound ignorance.

We should be wise in drawing instruction from the dreadful lesson taught by the cases here stated. It should be carefully kept in mind by all who are, from their tempers or their habits of life, much exposed to the temptation or the necessity of using harsh methods with the most common of our domestic animals.

Y.

For the Literary Magazine.

CHARACTER OF HAYLEY, AND HIS LAST POEM.

FORTUNE has her favourites in the republic of letters as well as in the aristocracy of wealth. Merit is sometimes left to pine in obscurity, while mediocrity is occasionally promoted to a share of public notice and indulgence which appears surprising, when its claims come to be impartially weighed. Hayley deserves to be ranked among these fortunate children of *golden* mediocrity. His indefatigable industry during a long life, his character as a polite scholar, and his intimacy with men of the first literary eminence, are circumstances quite independent of the diviner inspiration of genius; but, in Hayley's case, they have so well supplied the deficiency, that his name carries to the general ear a sort of classical sound. The charm dissolves, however, on a near examination, and leaves us to discover, in all the productions of his muse, an invincible mediocrity. There is scarcely any passage, in all his metrical compositions, which may not be reduced, by a few slight transpositions, to sober sensible prose, without one distinguishable fragment of the scattered poet. Even in his earlier works, when the vigour of his fancy was unimpaired, there is a continual tameness of conception, and monotony of numbers, that show he was not born for the higher flights of poetry.

In one point of view, indeed, he is greatly superior to many who excel him in poetical talents; and that is, as the annotator of his own works. The copious notes subjoined to his didactic poems are quite of a different character from the silly farrago which so often disgraces the volumes of our modern poets. They display a liberal and cultivated mind, and contain a most amusing fund of literary information, gleaned from an extensive and well-directed course of reading. To them he is indebted for the best part of his fame: they prop the weakness of the poetry that produced them, and shed a reflected lustre on what shone but feebly by its own light. When Hayley refers us to a note, it is not an interruption, but a relief; and we gladly quit languid verse for agreeable prose.

All these impressions are strongly renewed by the perusal of his last poem, called "The Triumph of Music," in which it does not appear that age and experience has supplied any of the deficiencies of youth. His skill on self-annotation, indeed, this publication leaves to rest upon

its old ancient evidence. This poem, much to my regret, is unattended with a commentary, and Hayley, for some reason, has omitted a favourable opportunity of saying, in plain prose, many agreeable things.

It may amuse some of those readers, who have not yet had an opportunity of seeing this poem, to give them a sketch of its plot or fable.

Venusia, the heroine, is brought up by Donado, an old Venetian nobleman, as his own, but is in fact the daughter of Manfredi, who, having been the unfortunate cause of the death of an only son, had resolved to seclude himself from the world, and devote his life to atone for his involuntary crime. In prosecution of this plan, he sends his infant daughter to a distant nurse, who happened at the same time to have under her care an only daughter of Donado. The latter dying, Donado, whose enjoyment of a large fortune depended on his having a child, bribes the nurse to pretend it was Manfredi's daughter that had died, and adopts the neglected infant. These facts are unfolded in the course of the story: for the poem, in the true epic style, *in medias res rapit.*

Donado destines her to be the bride of a rich gouty old lord; but she is rescued from this fate by Lucilio, the hero of the poem, a man far above her own age, and who had already lost a wife and a daughter. He was first introduced to Venusia as her music-master; but they soon became enamoured of each other; a circumstance that was hastened by Donado's obstinate perseverance in the match he had proposed. After a faint struggle with filial duty (for there is not as yet the least suspicion against Donado's paternity), Venusia consents to make her lover happy; and the marriage ceremony being privately performed, they repair to Milan, where they complete their marriage.

Donado's rage upon the occasion is stern and inflexible; not a momentary gust of passion, but a fixed determination to sacrifice Lucilio to a revenge which absorbs every other principle of action. This is now the leading interest of the poem. We hear alternately of the sanguinary projects of the old villain; the various retreats in which the lovers eluded his vengeance, and the occupations and amusements with which they filled up the years of their concealment. Their last place of shelter is the retreat of Manfredi; and Donado, having traced them thither, determines to execute his vengeance in person, and, disguising himself like a Turk, enters a shrine devoted by Lucilio to morning prayer. As the poem is now drawing to a close, the reader perceives the necessity of some revolution in Donado's character, and is prepared to find music triumphant. It would not have been easy indeed to make it probable, that a soul so hardened in guilt, which throughout the poem had never betrayed one symptom of goodness, should be softened and subdued by the magic of sweet sound; but the principle which does operate so sudden a change is still more unaccountable. He had supposed Manfredi confined by sickness; but he is mistaken; Manfredi appears before him; and the sight of this man, instead of exasperating his rage, which was the more natural effect, extinguishes all desire of revenge, and unexpectedly awakens in his mind a moral sensibility of a very amiable description. This transformation leads the various parties through the usual forms of explanation, confession, and reconciliation.

For the Literary Magazine.

HISTORY AND CULTURE OF THE COFFEE.

THE plant was from Africa, and was brought from Abyssinia in the 14th century. Its properties were discovered by accident in feeding

animals, and its use began in Arabia in the 15th century. The Arabians had it from Persia. It was first taken to prevent sleep, then for the head, and then for pleasure. It was at Marseilles in 1657, but not much used. It reached Paris about 1669. Since 1685, it has been freely used in London, but more gradually in Spain and Italy. To the Hollanders Europe is indebted for the cultivation of coffee. They carried it from Moka to Batavia, from Batavia to the gardens of Amsterdam. In 1714, Louis XIV received several plants from Amsterdam for the royal garden. Thence Desclieux carried some plants to Martinico, in 1728, though several had been carried thither in 1726. In 1722, it was cultivated in Cayenne, without liberty to export it, and thence was carried to Martinico. It was early in Jamaica, and in 1740 at Cuba.

In Yemen, in Arabia, it is said to grow from twelve to eighteen feet in height. It has been seen forty feet in height, but not above four or five inches thick, though one writer says, he never saw it above nine feet in height, and commonly it is from four to six feet. In the Isle of Bourbon, another species is mentioned, but the difference is not distinctly marked. It is not a plant which will grow in any place, nor upon all the mountains of Yemen. It delights in a free soil and situation. In St. Domingo it was planted on the mountains, and raised from their nurseries. The seeds sprout in a month and a half after planting, are transplanted, and are placed at greater or less distance, as the probable growth will require, and the quincunx form is preferred, for the equal distance which it gives to the plants. New ground should be preferred, and the plants should be about a year old, and be removed in May and September. In two years they yield, each plant, about half a pound of coffee, and in the third year above two pounds, giving about two thousand grains to a pound. They require to be free from weeds. The plants commonly live from twenty to twenty-five years, and have lived forty years. The trees at Leogane had lived forty years. The seed continue to ripen from August to November, and may be gathered in all those months in St. Domingo, but the latest are the best. Six barrels, when first gathered, yield only one when the coffee is dry, that is, one hundred and forty pounds yield twenty-four pounds. The Moka coffee is the best, but a difference is found according to the quarters from which it comes. The best used to be brought through Turkey, and its superiority has been attributed to its passage over land. The first coffee raised in the Isle of Bourbon from native plants was not esteemed; they now raise from the Arabian plants, with great success. The inferiority of the West India coffee is attributed to the negligent manner in which it is prepared, and the inferiority of St. Domingo coffee to that of Martinico is assigned to the same cause. New coffee cannot be burnt as well as old; the smaller the grain the better; a dry soil, with a southern exposure, is preferred; the grain should be kept dry, after prepared; in three years coffee is in perfection.

In 1764, at the Cape, in Hispaniola, was exported 9,500,000 weight of coffee, and about 3,500,000 in the other parts of the colony; in all, about 13,000,000. The coffee from the heights of Saint Mark, Montroui, Vezes, Boucassin, Charbonniere au lul de Sac, Mirchalais and Jacmel, is excellent. It is not so good in the vallies.

The Arabs keep their coffee piled in sacks. Coffee is said to assist digestion, and Dr. *Brown* recommends it to sedentary persons. Bayle observes that it removes sorrow, and says, a lady of Paris, to whom her confessor with great address, had tenderly intimated the death of her only son, as soon as she found his errand, cried out, What! my son, my son, dead! Coffee! coffee!

For the Literary Magazine.

VACCINATION VINDICATED.

IT appears that some unfavourable rumours respecting the efficacy of vaccination have lately prevailed in England, and as such rumours cannot fail to have reached America, the publication of the following reports of the vaccine pock institution must be highly acceptable.

Among the resolutions adopted at the quarterly court of the original vaccine pock institution, in Broad-street, Golden-square, London, were the following:

That it appears, from the numerous reports which have been transmitted or attested by the members of the medical establishment from abroad, from our own country, and from their own experience, that the proportion of failures in the cow-pock inoculation to give security against the small-pox, which have been published, does not amount to more than fifty out of 250,000 vaccinated persons. That it does not appear on examination of the published reports of these failures, and the investigation of many of them by the medical establishment of this institution, that ten have been substantiated by admissible and adequate evidence. That it seems more than probable, that all or many even of the admitted failures, according to the evidence produced, are liable to be deceptions, on the same grounds as in the asserted cases of the occurrences of the small-pox subsequent to the small-pox. That, considering that the cow-pock inoculation has been the cause of producing an affection which practitioners in the first instances in general had not previously seen, and the history of which was so little known, and considering the greater deceptions than in the small-pox inoculation to which practitioners are exposed, it was to have been expected that a much greater proportion of supposed failures would have occurred. That it does not appear that a single instance has occurred of the small-pox, subsequent to the cow-pock, during more than five years practice at this institution; for, on enquiry, two instances which were said to be such were found to be inadmissible cases: viz. one of them on account of the supposed cow-pock preceding being only a local affection; and in the other, that it was only proved that there was a local affection from the variolous inoculation. That the numerous instances of exposure of vaccinated persons to the small-pox since the commencement of the practice in January, 1799, and likewise of repeated re-inoculation with small-pox matter at this institution, and which have been communicated, establish the fact, that a person who has really gone through the cow-pock is incapable of the small-pox, on as firm ground as the fact of variolous inoculation giving security against the small-pox. That considering the novelty of the practice of vaccine inoculation, and that it has not been performed in many instances, after such a mode as might give the greatest chance of security, it is advisable to take precautionary measures with many who have been inoculated, or who shall undergo the practice in future. That the tests of patients who have been inoculated being secure, are, exposure to effluvia and contact with persons in the small-pox, inoculation with small-pox matter, and re-inoculation with vaccine matter. But, for reasons set forth in a memoir read at the quarterly meeting by Dr. Pearson, the repetition of re-inoculation with vaccine matter is a preferable test; for, it does not appear, from abundant evidence brought forward by the experience of Dr. Pearson, that a person who has gone through the cow-pock is susceptible of it a second time. That such practitioners as are desirous of seeing proofs of the proposition last stated, that a second inoculation for the cow-pock is an equally decisive test of the question of the susceptibility of a vaccinated person to take the small-pox as

inoculation with variolous matter, be invited to attend at the institution for that purpose. That although it is probable, from the amount of the deaths by the small-pox in the bills of mortality in two preceding years, viz. in 1803, of 1202; and in 1804, of 622, that the proportion of deaths by that disease has been diminished by vaccine inoculation; yet it does not appear justifiable to draw this conclusion positively at present; because, in former years, previously to the new practice, even a still smaller proportion occurred by small-pox, viz. in 1795, there were only 1040; in 1797, there were only 522; and in 1799, there were 1111; therefore that it will require at least five successive years of vaccine practice to draw a just inference. That Dr. Pearson be requested to allow the memoir on the state of the practice of vaccination, and on the conduct of it, to be printed, in order to quiet the minds of many families disturbed by the late unfavourable reports.

For the Literary Magazine.

VERBAL DISPUTES.

THE art of verbal distinction is now an object of ridicule, and is only exemplified in order to be exposed to derision. I suppose most of my readers are acquainted with the mock discussion of the proposition that *a table stands upon the floor*, to be found in the works of the greatest wit which America has produced. Still more familiar is the famous *year book* case, by Arbuthnot, concerning the property in *fried horses*. It is remarkable, however, that there are curious examples of subtlety and quibbling, upon record, equally grotesque and whimsical with any of the multitudes of modern satyrists. In the seventeenth century, two colleges in Oxford went to war concerning the true meaning of the word door: one party maintaining that this term signified the aperture in a wall or partition by which we pass through it, and the other affirming that it meant the board or boards, fitted to such aperture, and moving to and fro upon hinges. The debate originated in the direction of a deed or charter respecting a door to be made in the wall of one college at the expence of the other. The logical question never came to a decision, but a sort of practical compromise was made, by which one party knocked a hole in the wall, and the other made a frame of wood to fit the hole.

Two centuries before this, however, there occurred a similar example of this logical acuteness in the pupils of the same university. The story is found among the manuscripts of Anthony Wood in the following words.

"In king Edward IId's time, as I remember, says my author, at which time the university of Oxford was much addicted to the learning of those, who by some were called *nominals*, for that they were strict in examining the nature and signification of every word, Merton College being seated upon the walls, and the master and fellows of the house being desirous to walk in the meadows that lay close to the walls, thought good to send three of their company to the king, then at Woodstock. There, being admitted into his presence, one of them signified to his majesty, that they were sent by the college, to demand *licentiam faciendi ostium*, "A licence or liberty to make a door." The second, presently interrupting him, said, "that he was mistaken, for that a liberty to make a door was not a satisfaction to them, for so they might have a licence, and yet the door never made; and therefore his desire was, to have *ostium fieri*; but his petition was to have *ostium factum*, "a door made." Whereunto the first replied again, that they were not so unmannerly as to desire a *door made*, for that was to demand the king to make them a door; and he therefore de-

sired they might have leave *posse ostium fieri*, "to have it in their power to make a door." But the second again opposing him, and the third opposing the second, and the king growing weary, his majesty answered them, that though he understood their request, he would not give them satisfaction till they should agree *in modo loquendi*.

The decision of his majesty upon this knotty point would have availed but little to the settling of disputes, since, after they had obtained liberty to make a door, they would still have had to settle the question *what a door was*: a point upon which there was little danger of so learned a deputation coming to agreement.

Mankind indeed are little aware what infinite vagueness and obscurity there is in every part of language. When we have occasion to employ terms with absolute precision, we are frequently surprised to to find ourselves doomed to encounter insuperable difficulties. For example, who would have ever dreamed, before hand, that there were any difficulties in the meaning of the word *hundred*, and yet the infinite and obstinate contests are still fresh in our memory, which originated in the ambiguity of this word, applied to the measuring of time. How impossible was it to bring two persons to agree as to the portion of time contained within the limits of an *hundred years*, or as to the period when a century is completed?

L.

For the Literary Magazine.

HINTS RESPECTING WOMEN AND CHILDREN'S CLOTHES CATCHING FIRE.

WHEN we reflect on the many dreadful misfortunes which have of late years happened, in consequence of the clothes of women and children accidentally catching fire, it is a matter of some surprise, as well as great concern, to find so very little attention paid to the prevention of such misfortunes in future.

The following hints are offered with a sincere wish that they may meet with that serious consideration which the subject requires, and be the means of engaging the attention of the public on this subject, and of adopting the following measures recommended, or some more effectual.

There are two principal objects which offer for our consideration; the first is, to prevent the clothes from catching fire; and the other, to check the progress of the flames.

One of the most evident methods to prevent the clothes from catching fire, is to have wire fenders placed before the fire-place, of a sufficient height to hinder the coals from flying into the room; such fenders are so placed in some parlours, but more it is believed for protecting the marble hearth and carpet, than for the safety of the females and children of the family. Wire screens are sometimes placed in rooms where birds are let loose, parallel to the fire-place; such as these, if more projecting ones should be objected to, might be used in common sitting rooms. One or two strong metal bars would be some protection, if close wire work should not be liked; these of course should come some way forward, otherwise they would not be of much use. Certainly the safest are fenders of close wire-work projecting into the room, sufficiently open to let the heat through, but not any coals which might fly from the fire. Nurseries in particular should have this sort.

The second object which offers for consideration is to check the progress of the flames.

It has been recommended, that persons whose clothes have caught fire should immediately roll themselves up in the carpet, but this excellent method of extinguishing the flames is frequently quite impracticable, as it is customary to nail down carpets to the floor, a practice which should never be suffered in rooms where there is any danger of

accidents of this kind happening; nor should heavy tables or other furniture be so placed on the carpet as to hinder it from being easily rolled up.

If a woollen cloth were constantly kept in nurseries and sitting rooms, especially when there are fires, laid loose upon the table or other piece of furniture, this being always at hand, might be easily resorted to in case of accident, and being wrapped tight round the flames, or strongly pressed against them, would, by excluding the air, no doubt, in many instances soon extinguish the fire. A green baize cloth, being very pliable, and likewise a neat cover to furniture, is recommended for this purpose; and if such were known in the family by the name of the stifling cloth, it probably would as readily be used when there was occasion for it, as fire-engines or buckets now are. Care must be taken to procure baize of a close texture. Where the convenience of a baize cloth cannot be easily procured, as in cottages, &c. a cloth cloak, or a blanket, will answer much the same purpose.

May we not attribute many of the melancholy events which have happened of late, to the modern practice of fixing fire-grates more forward than formerly, and to the prevailing custom of wearing muslin dresses?

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LIST OF BRITISH POET-LAUREATES.

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DR. JOHNSON INVENTOR OF MAGAZINES.

THE earlier numbers of the Gentleman's Magazine consisted almost entirely of extracts from the various newspapers published in the month. They disgust us with the perpetual repetition of old politics, now forgotten, and impudent scurrility, long since consigned to oblivion. In Boswell's life of Dr. Johnson, is a letter from him to Mr. Cave, the then editor of the magazine, dated the 25th of November, 1734, containing the outlines of a plan for the extension of the subjects, towards which he offered his assistance. He justly remarks, that "the current wit of the month, if brought to the standard of true criticism, will be in a very small compass," and proposes to admit "original poems and inscriptions, dissertations in English or Latin, criticisms on

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authors ancient or modern, forgotten pieces worth preserving, or valuable essays on miscellaneous subjects." Mr. Cave acceded to the proposal; and it is universally known, that Johnson supplied the magazine with many valuable papers. It therefore appears, that the doctor has the sole merit of planning, executing, and establishing, this species of periodical miscellanies, which, by recording single discoveries, preserving valuable essays and poems, and offering a field for important discussions, has rendered such eminent services to the cause of science and literature.

For the Literary Magazine.

COMPARATIVE STATE OF PHILADELPHIA.

WE can only judge of cities as of all other things, by comparison. Philadelphia has many advantages, and no doubt disadvantages, but its merit on the whole will be great or little on account of the particular circumstances of the city with which we compare it. I cannot but rejoice that I am a resident of Philadelphia, after reading the following details of some other cities. A traveller, who was obliged to travel from Bayenne to Lisbon by land, gives the following sketch of the Portuguese metropolis.

The first thing, says he, that strikes a stranger in Lisbon is the badness of the police. The dirt of the streets lies every where heaped up, and in those streets which are not washed by the rain forms absolute hills, and one must be perfectly acquainted with the path, to avoid sinking in the mud: in one of the most public streets near the river, towards the *Ribera Nova*, only one small path, which winds itself close to the houses, is passable. Imagine the number of people who are passing daily *that way*, the *galegos*, with their heavy burdens, who cannot make way for any body. Imagine the carriages also drive as near the houses as possible, that the horses may not go in the deep mud, and that, in addition to this, all dirt and nastiness of the very worst sort is thrown out of the windows on the heads of the people passing by. The city was formerly lighted, but is not at present: as the shops are shut up very early, there is nothing to enlighten the darkness of the narrow ill-paved streets. An immense number of dogs who have no owners but themselves, at the expence of the public, wander about like hungry wolves; and, worse than these, a number of banditti. The people were very much astonished that we had ventured to come to Portugal by land in such warfaring times; but I assured them that this was by no means so dangerous an undertaking as to go by night from *Belem* to *Maravilas*, at the east end of the city. How is it possible, that a people, amongst whom there are doubtless many enlightened men, can suffer such abominable practices! The government is said to pay annually a considerable sum for cleaning the streets. Whatever be the application of this money, it is certainly not applied to the cleansing of the streets.

Constantinople, one of the greatest cities in the world, whence it follows that an immense number of human beings are materially affected by its actual condition, whether good or bad, has been lately described in the following striking terms.

In surveying the interior of this city, you see narrow dirty streets, ill laid out, and without any plan or regular order; mean houses of wood, the first stories of which project into the street, which they darken while they prevent the free circulation of air: vast spaces of ground containing only the black moulderring remains of some former conflagration, or a few solitary houses which the plague has untenanted; but in the midst of these unsightly appearances you behold magnificent

public edifices, the grandeur of which is still further heightened by the striking contrast with the surrounding objects.

To consider the importance and welfare of a *country* as intimately connected with its population, seems not unreasonable, but no folly can be more egregious than to assign respect and dignity to particular *towns* in proportion to their population. We may safely impute the vice and misery of towns to be pretty nearly in the direct proportion of their population. Weak minds take credit to themselves for the superior magnitude of the town of which they chance to be natives or residents, whereas the truly enlightened understanding will rejoice in proportion to its inferior population. A city declining, is in many respects a bad thing: but a stationary city must be better than an increasing one, and ten times more agreeable and beneficial is residence in a town which *stands still* at ten thousand, than in one stationary at a hundred thousand.

The passion for large cities would be effectually cured by impartially reflecting on the evils generated by them. Let us, for example, bestow a few moments attention on the following picture of London, drawn by a hand well qualified for the task.

The diseases known by the names of pneumonia, catarrh, pthisis, cough, dyspnœa hæmoptoe, &c. from the peculiar character of the climate, are remarkably common in England, but from the circumstances of a large and populous city, prevail among the inhabitants of London in a much greater proportion than among those of the country. The respiration of more than a million of inhabitants, and of the horses and other animals subservient to their use, within so confined a space, constantly exhausts a considerable portion of the vital or oxygenous part of the atmosphere, and imparts to it, at the same time, an almost equal quantity of a gaseous fluid, positively deleterious to animal life. The continual burning of fuel on a prodigious scale, not only contributes to the same effect, but furnishes an immense mass of smoke and sooty particles, enveloping the city and its environs to a considerable extent. The air is rendered further impure by the effluvia from common sewers and stables, slaughter-houses, many sorts of offensive manufactories, the refuse of markets, provision-shops, &c. A quantity of dust is likewise put in motion and diffused abroad by the continual stirring of the inhabitants, and by the operations of trade, and of domestic cleanliness. The air thus deprived, in some degree, of its salutary property, and impregnated with noxious substances both chemical and mechanical, is generally, in winter, loaded also with a thick and sluggish fog. When the agent immediately subservient to the function of respiration is so contaminated, it is not wonderful that the function itself should, in consequence, be impeded and deranged. Hence a habitual cough is remarkably frequent among the inhabitants of London; laying a foundation, in some for the phthisis pulmonalis, and degenerating in others to a constant state of dyspnœa, with increased secretion from the bronchial vessels. This morbid condition of the lungs becomes aggravated throughout the winter season, and on the special application of cold, or other existing causes, is, according to the age, constitution, &c. of the patient, often converted into one or other of the species of pneumonia, but principally into that which has been denominated peripneumonia notha. For the same reason also acute pulmonary diseases are much retarded in their cure, or are protracted to a chronic state.

After surveying these melancholy pictures of three great cities in the eastern hemisphere, an inhabitant of Philadelphia must revert to the contemplation of his own residence with considerable satisfaction.

B.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE BUFFALO.

ATTEMPTS are making to introduce the buffalo into France, which promises considerable advantage. Though less than the ox, it is more vigorous; the milk of the female is more abundant than that of the cow, and contains more butter and cheese, which is likewise more easily separated. Every part of its body is useful, and besides it has the great advantage of being able to live in swampy soils, and even prefers those aquatic plants which horses and oxen reject.—Hence, in marshy countries, as in some provinces of Italy, it may be made the means of great improvement and wealth. The first introduction of these animals was attended with difficulties. Some were killed by the peasants, others were neglected by those who were to attend them, but a part of the herd are now in a flourishing and increasing state, in the rural establishment of Rambouillet.

For the Literary Magazine.

SCOTTISH BARDS.

IT is not generally known in England, that the profession of the bards has not yet gone into disuse in the Highlands of Scotland. These bards are to be found only among those who have little knowledge of any but the Gaelic language and its ancient songs. Some of them are of the female sex. They pour out their verse almost without premeditation, and on any subject that may be occasionally presented, and greatly resemble, in poetical ability, the Italian *improvisatori*. Argyleshire, Perthshire, Rosshire, Invernesshire, and the Isle of Sky, are the districts in which they are chiefly to be met with.

For the Literary Magazine.

VILLIERS, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

THE death of George Villiers, the witty duke of Buckingham, has been described by Pope; but I do not recollect so minute an account of it, as that given by a contemporary, in prose. This lord, famous for his wit and his vices, once possessed an income of 50,000l. a-year, and died in an obscure inn in Yorkshire.

In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half-hung,
The floors of plaster, and the walls of dung,
On once a flock-bed, but repair'd with straw,
With tape-tied curtains, never meant to draw,
The George and garter dangling from that bed,
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
Great Villiers lies: alas! how chang'd from him,
That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim.

This admired description ought to have been accompanied by the following anecdote. When George Villiers, duke of Buckingham, was dying at an inn, the duke of Queensbury, going down to Scotland, heard of it, when he was within a few miles of the place, and went to make him a visit. Seeing him in this condition, he asked him, if he would not have a clergyman? I look upon them, said the duke, to be a parcel of very silly fellows, who don't trouble themselves about what they teach. So Queensbury asked him, if he would have his chaplain, for he was a dissenter. No, said Villiers, those fellows always make me sick with their whine and cant. The duke of Queensbury, taking it for granted that he must be of some religion or another, supposed that it must be the catholic, and told him there was a popish lord in the

neighbourhood, and asked him if he should not send for his priest. No, replied Villiers, those rascals *eat God*, but if you know of any set of fellows who *eat the devil*, send for one of them quickly. He desired to be left alone, and died in about half an hour. Thus ended his motley life, preserving the same character to the last.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

To the Editor, &c.

THERE has just fallen into my hands a poem, which has given me so much pleasure that I cannot forbear calling the attention of your readers to it. Walter Scott, who, in his work upon the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, has given so many proofs of ingenuity and taste, has lately took up the vocation of the minstrel, and produced an original performance, which he calls "The Lay of the Last Minstrel."

This poem is an attempt to transfer the refinements of modern poetry to the matter and manner of the ancient metrical romance. The author, enamoured of the lofty visions of chivalry, and the strains in which they were formerly embodied, endeavours to recal them to the admiration of the public, and to adapt to the taste of modern readers a species of poetry which was once the delight of the courtly, but has long ceased to gladden any eyes but those of the scholar and the antiquary.

The author has laboured to retain all that was good, and to reject all that was bad in the models upon which he was to form himself; adding, at the same time, all the interest and beauty which could possibly be assimilated to the manner and spirit of his original. He has endeavoured to reform the rambling, obscure, and interminable narratives of the ancient romancers; to moderate their digressions; to abridge or retrench their unmerciful or needless descriptions; and to expunge those feeble and prosaic passages, the rude stupidity of which is so apt to excite the derision of a modern reader: at the same time to rival the force and vivacity of their minute and varied representations; the characteristic simplicity of their pictures of manners; the energy and conciseness with which they frequently describe great events; and the lively colouring and accurate drawing by which they give reality to every scene they undertake to delineate. In executing this arduous task, he avails himself of all that variety of style and manner which had been sanctioned by the ancient practice, and embellishes his performance with all the graces of diction and versification which could be reconciled to the simplicity and familiarity of the minstrel's song.

In pursuance of this plan he has produced a very beautiful and entertaining poem, in a style which may be justly deemed original, and which affords evidence of the genius of the author, though he should not succeed in proving the interest or dignity of the subject. His reverence, indeed, for the strains of antiquity, has imposed a little on his judgment, and impaired the beauty of the present imitation, by directing his attention rather to what was characteristic, than to what was faultless in his originals. Though he has spared too many of their faults, however, he has certainly improved upon their beauties: and while we can scarcely help regretting, that the feuds of border chieftains should have monopolised as much poetry as might have served to immortalise the whole nobility of the empire, we are the more inclined to admire the interest and magnificence which he has contrived to communicate to so homely a theme.

The manner of introducing the story must be allowed to be extremely poetical. An aged minstrel

who had "harped to king Charles the Good," and learned to love his art at a time when it was honoured by all that was distinguished for rank or genius, having fallen into neglect and misery in the evil days of the usurpation, and the more frivolous gaieties or bitter contentions of succeeding reigns, is described as wandering about the border in poverty and solitude. In this situation, he is driven, by want and weariness, to seek shelter in the castle of the duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth; and being cheered by the hospitality of his reception, offers to sing "an ancient strain," concerning the old warriors of her family; and after some fruitless attempts to recal the long-forgotten melody, pours forth "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," in six cantos, very skilfully divided by some recurrence to his own condition, and some complimentary interruptions from his noble auditors. The tale which forms the burthen of his song is this:

Walter Scott of Buccleuch, lord of Branksome, was slain in a skirmish with the Cars. He left a daughter of matchless beauty, an infant son, and a high-minded widow, who, though a very virtuous and devout person, was privately addicted to the study of magic, in which she had been initiated by her father. Lord Cranstoun their neighbour, was at feud with the clan of Scott, but had fallen desperately in love with the daughter, who returned his passion with equal ardour and sincerity, though withheld by filial duty from uniting her destiny with his. The poem opens with a description of the warlike establishment of Branksome-hall; and with a dialogue between the *spirits* of the adjoining mountain and river, who, after reading the stars, declare that no felicity can ever bless the mansion "till pride be quelled, and love be free." The lady whose forbidden studies had taught her the language of those speakers, overhears this conversation, and vows to retain her purpose in spite of it. She calls a gallant knight of her train, therefore, and directs him to ride immediately to the abbey of Melrose, and there to ask, from the monk of St. Mary's aisle, the mighty book that was hidden in the tomb of the wizard Michael Scott. The night journey of the warrior is then described. When he delivers his message, the monk appears filled with consternation and terror, but leads him at last through many galleries and chapels to the spot where the wizard was interred, and, after some account of his life and character, the warrior heaves up the tomb-stone, and is dazzled by the gleams of an ever-burning lamp, which illuminates the sepulchre of the enchanter. With trembling hand he takes the book from the dead man's side, and hurries home with it in his bosom.

Mean time, lord Cranstoun and the lovely Margaret have met at dawn in the woods adjacent to the castle, and are repeating their vows of true love, when they are startled by the approach of a horseman. The lady retreats, and the lover advancing, finds it to be the messenger from Branksome, with whom, as a hereditary enemy, he thinks it necessary to enter into combat. The poor knight, fatigued with his nocturnal adventures, is dismounted at the first shock, and falls desperately wounded to the ground, while lord Cranstoun, relenting towards the kinsman of his beloved, directs his page to attend him to the castle, and hastens home before any alarm can be given. The page is a little misshapen dwarf, whom he found one day while hunting, in a solitary glen, and took home with him. He never speaks, except now and then to cry "Lost! lost! lost!" and is on the whole a hateful, malicious little urchin, with no one good quality but his unaccountable attachment and fidelity to his master. This personage, on approaching the wounded borderer, discovers the mighty book in his bosom, which he finds some difficulty in opening, and has scarcely had time to read a single spell in it, when he is struck down by an in-

visible hand, and the clasps of the magic volume shut suddenly more closely than ever. This single spell, however, enables him to practise every kind of illusion. He lays the wounded knight on his horse, and leads him into the castle, while the warders see nothing but a wain of hay. He throws him down, unperceived, at the door of the lady's chamber, and turns to make good his retreat. In passing through the court, however, he sees the young heir of Buccleugh at play, and, assuming the form of one of his companions, tempts him to go out with him to the woods, where, as soon as they pass a rivulet, he resumes his own shape, and bounds away. The bewildered child is met by two English archers, who make prize of him, and carry him off, while the goblin-page returns to the castle, and personates the young baron, to the great annoyance of its tenants.

The lady find the wounded knight, and eagerly employs charms for his recovery, that she may learn the story of his disaster. The lovely Margaret, in the mean time, is sitting on her turret, gazing on the western star, and musing on the scenes of the morning, when she discovers the blazing beacons that betoken the approach of an English enemy. The alarm is immediately given, and bustling preparation made throughout the mansion for defence. The English force, under Howard and Dacre, speedily appears before the castle, leading with them the young Buccleuch, and propose that the lady should either give up sir William of Deloraine, who had been her messenger to Melrose, as having incurred the guilt of march treason, or receive an English troop within her walls. She answers, with much spirit, that her kinsman will clear himself of the imputation of treason by single combat, and that no foe shall ever gain admission into her fortress. The English lords, being secretly apprised of the approach of powerful succours to the besieged, agree to the the combat, and stipulate that the boy shall be restored to liberty or detained in bondage, according to the issue of the battle. The lists are appointed for the ensuing day; and a truce being proclaimed in the mean time, the opposite bands mingle in hospitality and friendship.

Deloraine being wounded, was expected in vain to appear by his challenger; and some contention arises for the honour of supplying his place. All dispute is ended by a person in the armour of that warrior, who encounters the English champion, slays him, and leads the delivered child to the embraces of his mother. At this moment Deloraine himself appears, half-clothed and unarmed, to claim the combat which has been finished in his absence, and all flock around the stranger who had personated him so successfully. He unclasps his helmet; and behold! lord Cranstoun of Teviotside! The lady, vanquished by gratitude, and the remembrance of the spirits' prophecy, consents to extinguish the feud, and to give the fair hand of Margaret to her lover. The rites of betrothment are then celebrated with great magnificence, and a splendid banquet given to all the English and Scottish chieftains, whom the alarm had assembled at Branksome. The page plays several unlucky tricks during the festival, and breeds some dissension among the warriors. To sooth their ireful mood, the minstrels are introduced, who recite three exquisite ballads. Just as their songs are ended, a supernatural darkness spreads itself through the hall, a tremendous flash of lightning and peal of thunder ensue, which break just on the spot where the page had been seated, who is heard to cry, "Found! found! found!" and is no more seen, when the darkness clears away. The whole party is chilled with terror, and Deloraine protests that he distinctly saw the figure of the ancient wizard Michael Scott in the midst of the lightning. The lady renounces for ever the unhallowed study of magic; and all the chieftains, struck with awe and conster-

nation, vow to make a pilgrimage to Melrose to implore recal and forgiveness for the soul of the unquiet sorcerer. With the description of this propitiatory ceremony, the minstrel closes his last lay.

The title and spirit of this poem reminds us of another "*Minstrel*," and the union of exquisite imagery, enchanting numbers, and pathetic tenderness, with marvellous events, disjointed and irregular, capricious and whimsical, calls to memory the "Oberon" of Wieland. With these performances, the Lay of the Last Minstrel fully deserves to be ranked.

As this poem is little known in America, having scarcely had time indeed, since its publication, to cross the ocean, I advise you to re-publish it in your collection; every reader of taste will think himself indebted to you for it.

R.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE VISITOR.

NO. VI.

Perdidi diem!

I have lost a day!

THIS exclamation of the emperor Titus, after the reflection that a day had passed without his doing any good action, has doubtless been seen before this time by many of my readers. What emotions it may have excited, what good resolutions confirmed, or what bad and selfish hearts reformed; what idle dissipators of time admonished, or what majority have read it with insensibility, and almost instantly forgotten it, I shall not pretend to determine. In those minds, however, which are actuated by upright principles, and alive to the feelings of nature and humanity, we may easily imagine what reflections arise on its first perusal, for it is striking and affecting. They are filled with admiration for the man, and veneration for the philanthropist. They trace in imagination the many sorrows he has mitigated, and the many evils he has removed; the many oppressors of the wretched vassal he has sought out and brought to deserved exposure and ignominy, and the many sources of iniquity he has had the pleasure to remove. All these they may picture to themselves with the greatest probability, for one in the situation of *Titus* must have had frequent opportunities of doing good. The hours thus spent must afford matter for pleasing contemplation, and the retrospect of them the most exquisite sensations. He that has passed his time in such occupations will never "*review with bitterness of heart:*" and though it may happen to him as to Titus, that a day may pass unprofitably away, his regret will be diminished by the remembrance that the former ones have not all been wasted, and he will also be warned to greater perseverance in good actions for the future.

There is something strikingly solemn in the reflection "*that the days which are gone are gone for ever.*" This idea contains so impressive, so awful an admonition, that our paying so little attention to it is truly surprising. But such is human nature; the best, the wisest, the most considerate men let days and years pass away without profit, and, alas! even without pleasure. On no topic have moralists dwelt with more earnestness, or used more persuasion to less effect. Man seems to be at total variance with that species of industry and perseverance, which would cause him rightly to employ his time. "*Dulce est desipere,*" *it is delightful to play the fool*, was a maxim of Horace, which will apply to mankind in a very different sense from what the poet thought of when he wrote it. Probably he alluded to those hours when mirth and jollity occupied him; when the joke was passed about, and the air resounded with laughter, and when Bacchus ruled uncontrouled; or more probably to the hours

he passed with his favourite nymph But it will also apply to man in many situations different from these and in many far more serious occupations; for whether wholly engaged in the pursuit of money, when possessed of a sufficiency, or seeking after office and power, when independent, he is alike *playing the fool*, and *wasting his time*. The first degrades him, the latter places all his consequence at the disposal of those from whom he derives it, to whose opinions he must agree, though not in unison with his own, and whose commands he must execute, or risk its destruction.

So various are the methods which people take to spend their time, that it is difficult to discriminate between them, so as to form a correct idea of their propriety. Two may be engaged in the same pursuit, and the merit of either be of a very different degree. One by business obtains wealth, on which he lives with elegance and ease, and gives a part to those who are in greater want than himself. The other accumulates, it and derives his pleasure from seeing it increase without employing it for any purpose, advantageous to himself, or beneficial to others. Here indeed is time lost, and worse than lost, for he not only permits the days to pass unworthily away, but with them also goes all his better principles. Every evening when he sits down, calm reflection and sober judgment must compel him inwardly to exclaim, if not in the words of Titus, in language to that effect, "*I have lost a day!*" and the morning comes only to be followed by another evening, in which he may justly repeat the same exclamation.

Men are so constituted by nature, that few are calculated to pursue more than one aim with advantage. When a favourite project proposes itself to any one, he is so engrossed by it as to preclude a desire of starting another. He is seldom so much under the domination of reason as to combine the "*utile cum dulci*," in their proper acceptation; and if we trace each human passion, from the love of pleasure, to the very opposite one of the love of money, we shall find that to each when pursued is given an undivided attention. View the man engaged in commercial concerns; his ideas and thoughts, his inclinations and conceptions of things, irresistably turn to this point, and should ever the time arrive when the thirst for riches ceases, it seldom happens until that period of life when the mind is incapable of any mental exertion, and unable to throw off habits long fixed. The soul, narrowed and contracted by a long attention to business, in the evening of life, when that attention in part ceases, is still governed by impulses similar to those which formerly guided it; and therefore he whose declining years are governed by sordid passions, may be said most miserably *to misspend his time*.

There are certain parts of a man's conduct, which, though he acknowledges they are wrong, and is convinced they are so, he does not mend, because he supposes that though they discover weakness, they do not argue depravity. He will not act dishonestly, because his character would suffer by such conduct, and his principles are too correct to permit him to do so. He will not be ungrateful or treacherous to his friends, or pursue his enemies with a rancorous spirit of revenge, for the same reasons. But he will be a prey to "many of the frailties flesh is heir to," promising to conquer them, to do which, he

> Resolves, and re-resolves, then dies the same! YOUNG.

Among these is that lavish waste of time, which, as it adds to his years, lessens his ability to resist them. How many live as blanks in the creation, whose hours hang heavy on them, because neither dedicated to industry, to virtue, to literature, or benevolence! To such, what language can be addressed powerful enough to rouse them? By all your wishes for happiness, make

better use of the time yet left you, than you did of that which has passed from you. Happy, you must acknowledge, you have not heretofore been, for lassitude and vexation have clouded your days, and hope brightens not your future prospects.

Catch then, O! catch the transient hour,
Improve each moment as it flies;
Life's a short season, man's a flower,
He dies, alas! how soon he dies.

DR. JOHNSON.

F.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE REFLECTOR.

NO. II.

THE FIRST.

WHEN any thing is begun by a person, which he has not before attempted, it will naturally occur to him, that this is the first attempt, the first beginning of his work, and the corner stone of his building; and should he possess a reflecting disposition, he will be led to enquire, to what a continuance in his pursuit may eventually lead him, whether it is proper in itself, or beneficial to himself or to others.

Yet most things are commenced without paying any regard to the suggestions which a reflection on my subject is naturally calculated to excite; they are commenced with ardour and satisfaction, resulting from a prospect of the utility of the works, which a slight survey of the project promises. A short term of perseverance, however, discovers difficulties in the way, and awakens despondency and langour. They find they have entered, with hope and confidence, into a path, which in the prospect appeared smooth and level, shaded with trees, watered by rivulets, and fringed with flowers, leading at last to a place where they would be recompensed for their labour, and enjoy the reward of their well-doing.

But who can with certainty foretel what will be the remote consequences of every human action? who can determine the course of a river, by only observing it at its source? or who penetrate the gloom of futurity, and tell what time and accident may produce? No one. Thus delusive does the distant prospect appear, when brought under immediate inspection; thus to the subjects of the last paragraph appears their path, in a more advanced part of their journey. They find it leading them through thickset and almost impassable woods, and noisome morasses; over craggy rocks, whose mouldering surfaces scarcely furnish them with resting places for their weary feet; where disappointment succeeds to difficulty, and anguish to disappointment; and when at last by steady perseverance and unyielding fortitude they have gained the goal, they find themselves in a place where labour is not rewarded, and pleasure cannot be enjoyed.

Yet he who commences any work with a view to the benefit of mankind, he who is willing to sacrifice his time and exertions to the accomplishment of any useful or benevolent purpose, for no other compensation than that which ought always to be and generally is his reward, the favour of mankind, and the approbation of his own conscience, is certainly entitled to praise for his well-meant exertions, though their execution may not produce the intended effect; and we must commend his zeal, though we condemn his judgment, the weakness of which prevented him from exerting his abilities, so that his labours might have benefited others, and interested himself. But though I would join in bestowing the reward which is justly due, I would go no further, for whatever may be due to honest zeal, yet he who possesses it had much better travel on the beaten road of life without offending, than ignorantly or through want of caution lead mankind into a path which may conduct them to destruction.

We all know the story of the af-

fectionate bear, who, while his keeper lay asleep, kindly attempted to kill the flies which disturbed his rest, and in the attempt, wounded him unmercifully: overzealous persons would do well to recal this story to their recollection, whenever their zeal prompts them to the performance of any thing, which may possibly produce injury instead of benefit. The hand of the wood-cutter is utterly unfitted to perform the delicate operations of the sculptor, or painter, while these would perhaps as awkwardly labour at the work of the wood-cutter. Nature and education have fitted each one for the performance of his own particular duties; one man cannot unite in himself the knowledge and the powers of all, it would be useless if he did, and derange the order of society. To be able to do one thing well is commonly sufficient, and when we reflect how many want this qualification, the consciousness of possessing it, if it is not a source of felicitation, ought at least to be one of contentment.

The life of man is short and uncertain; seventy or eighty years, generally, are the utmost boundaries of our existence: we have therefore but little time to wander from one pursuit to another, and if we had, how frequently do we want the ability! The first step is highly important, and we should never make it without serious reflection; it is frequently the point on which our fate hangs suspended, and may elevate us to an eminent height of happiness, or sink us into the profoundest abyss of misery. Nor is the first step of importance only in the higher concerns of life, it also affects us in the lower, and was it always duly considered, it would frequently prove highly interesting in pecuniary affairs. Some poet, who I know not, says, "he that builds a house without ability to pay for it, provides a home, from which he is afterwards compelled to remove," but he who commences the building of a house, frequently finds his means of payment exhausted long before it is finished, and certainly this proceeds from forming an inaccurate estimate of the expence. In many cases the purchase of a single article of luxury may eventually ruin the purchaser, because the possession of it may make many other articles necessary, the want of which would otherwise never have been imagined.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON SURNAMES.

SURNAMES were used in no nation anciently but the Romans, and even with them to no great extent till after the league of union with the Sabines. The Hebrews, keeping memory of their tribe, used in their genealogies, instead of surnames, the name of their father with *Ben*, that is, *son*, as Melchi-Ben-Addi, Addi-Ben-Cosam, Cosam-Ben-Elmadam, &c. So the Grecians: Icarus the son of Dædalus, &c. *Pelides*, for Achilles, as the son of Peleus, will be recollected by every schoolboy. This, indeed, appears to have been the most prevalent fashion among the different nations of the world; and may be exemplified, not only from the Saxon and the British, but even from the Arabian writers; and John*son* and Peter*son*, are at this day as common in Holstein as with us.

The general introduction of these names into Europe must certainly be referred to the tenth century; and they appear to have first multiplied to the greatest extent in France and Italy; though in the former children did not regularly assume the surnames of their fathers till the thirteenth century. About the eleventh century we find them adopted by the Spaniards, and not generally by the Germans till the fifteenth; and though they were used in Venice as early as in France, yet there, as well as probably in other countries, they were confined for a long time to the grandees. Both among the early and the later Saxons, the names of men

were very simple in their form, and if they expressed any thing, their meaning was usually confined to the qualities, birth, or actions, of those to whom they appertained. One of their monarchs was called *Hardi*-Cnut, from his boldness; and another had the epithet of *Harefoot*, from his swiftness. In England, they were of Norman origin; and though, perhaps, first used in the reign of Edward the confessor, who was fond of every thing French, yet very few, if any, instances can now be found. Edward ascended the English throne about 975. By some, surnames are supposed to have originated with the European expeditions to the Holy Land.

With regard to their introduction into England, William and his companions partitioned the whole country as spoil. The greater lords, pleased with their new possessions, and desirous to perpetuate the memory of *their* share in the conquest of the country, usually added to their baptismal name that of the castle or estate they had left at home, as Geoffrey *de Mandeville*, Robert *de Oilgi*, Robert *de Ivery*, and others; while soldiers of inferior consideration, and the raggamuffins of the army, whom William found it necessary to reward for their services, usually assumed the name of the village, town, or district, that had given them birth. It is probable that William, in distributing property to his confederates, might demand these additions, that he might be perfectly assured of the identity of those whom he was rewarding. Indeed there is hardly a village in Normandy existing at this day, which did not give name to some family in England, and of course in America. Others assumed the title of offices which they held about the English court, some of which have descended to us unimpaired even at the present hour. Of these were, Eudo *Dapifer*, Waleran *Venator*, Nicholaus *Balistarius*, Nigellus *Medicus*, Durandus *Tonsorator*, and William *Arcuarius*.

As the fashion prevailed, they who enjoyed neither hereditary property from their ancestors, or dignity from any public office, would readily assume the names of trades or employments which had been to them sources both of property and reputation. Such were *Bowyer*, *Viner*, *Fowler*, *Baker*, *Goldsmith*, *Fruiterer*; and that they were assumed in imitation of the Normans by the old inhabitants, seems still more likely, as the *er* with which many of them finish, is nothing more than an abreviation of the Saxon *wer*, a man as Bowyer, a Bow*man*. So *monger*, with which many other names are ended, is nothing more than the Saxon *mangere*, a trader; as Fish-*monger*, Flesh-*monger*, Costar-*monger*. The Normans seem to have taken entire possession of the landed property, but left trade and manufacture to the Saxons: Chap-*man*, Full-*man*, and others speak for themselves.

The prevalence of surnames soon after this period made it disgraceful for a gentleman to have but one name, as the meaner sort and bastards had; for the daughter and heir of Robert Fitz Hamon, a great lord, when king Henry the first would have married her to his base son Robert, she first refusing answered,

'It were to me a great shame
'To have a lorden withouten his *twa*
name;'

whereupon the king his father gave him the name of Fitz Roy, who after was earl of Gloucester, and the only worthy of his age in England.

But among the common people, surnames were at that time not numerous. Among the witnesses to an old deed of that period are two Simons, one distinguished by his complexion, and called *Simo Blundus*, or the fair; and the other, having no name as yet to distinguish him, was called *another Simon*.

Strangers who came over in the time of Henry III were frequently named from the countries they had left; as *Flemming*, *Loring*, *Bur-*

goin, *Le Picard*, and a hundred others. And a few from the trade or commerce they imported.

Not only places, but qualities, and habitudes of body, rank, offices, manufacture, situation, alliance, amusements, misfortune, have been the sources, from which our surnames have been derived. Thus we have Messrs. *Cheshire*, *Virtue*, *Mouth*, *Mucklewhite*, *Earle*, *Butler*, *Twist*, *North-cote*, *Frere*, *Playfull*, *Nutting*, or *Bossu* (i. e crookback), though it may possibly puzzle us into what class we ought to put such people as Messrs. *Wild*, *Wildman*, and *Savage*.

All the *Palmers*, in their original, were pilgrims; the ancestors of *Fort-escu* and *Shake-spear* were warriors; and the *Bill-men* and *Hook-men* of the day but common soldiers a few centuries ago How to account for *Neptune* and *Horace*, and *Homer* and *Pindar*, and *Cato* and *Cæsar*, I confess myself at a loss; but posterity will, I dare say, be as much perplexed when they hear, that, in the reign of fanaticism, one man was found who had for a christian name the Lord's Prayer, Creed, and Ten Commandments.

T.

For the Literary Magazine.

COMMERCIAL PARTICULARS CONCERNING SOUTH AMERICA.

By a Supercargo.

PORTO BELLO, an excellent harbour, situated at a narrow part of the isthmus of Darien, is eighty miles by land from Panama, on the opposite side of the isthmus, and one hundred and eighty west-south-west from Carthagena. It has no communication by land with Carthagena, as the whole western and southern parts of Darien, within the gulph, are in possession of the Indians, who bear a mortal hatred to the Spaniards. Ten leagues west of Porto Bello is a small town called Chagres, at the mouth of a river of the same name, navigable for large canoes forty-five miles up, to Cruz, whence to Panama is but seven leagues. The usual communication from Porto Bello to Panama is by this river. West of Chagres one hundred and fifty miles, empties the river St. Juan de Nicaragua, which rises and takes its name from a large lake in the province of Leon. The lake of Nicaragua extends within a few miles of the Pacific.

From the autumnal equinox, till February or March, the whole country near Panama is deluged by rain; during which the winds are very variable on the Atlantic side, but are mostly westward. The remaining part of the year the winds are more regular, and prevail from the east; the atmosphere is drier, and more healthy. Seldom however, even in the driest seasons, is there more than a day or two without excessive rain; so that the miserable inhabitants seldom feel the regenerating influence of the sun. The country is mountainous, and covered with thick impenetrable wood. This narrow strip of land, which connects North and South America, being situated between two immense oceans, is perpetually covered with thick vapours, raised by the intense heat of the sun. These being precipitated by the wind to the same point, and impeded in their progress by the mountains and contrary current of air, here concentrate, are condensed, and fall in torrents of rain.

The stagnant waters with which the earth is perpetually covered, may be the principal cause why it is extremely unhealthy.

The inhabitants are mostly natives, the climate being so inimical to Europeans, that few of them venture a long residence. They are a diminitive, emaciated set of wretches, and have more the appearance of walking phantoms than of human beings.

The prevailing diseases, are the leprosy, which all the inhabitants are more or less afflicted with, and

strangers, soon after their arrival, are attacked by it, particularly at Porto Bello. I imputed this loathsome disease to the water, which descends from the adjacent mountains to the town, and from thence to the sea, and of which the inhabitants drink freely, seldom mixing with it any kind of spirits. It is extremely cool and pleasant, and of a clear bluish cast.

A disorder, called by the Spaniards *dolor-acostado*, or pain in the side, which, when on the right side, affects the liver, and when in the left, forms a hard lump, which generally terminates in death. This is occasioned, say the Spanish physicians, by a concentration and stagnation of the blood in the part affected. The extreme pain it gives the patient, as the disorder increases, occasions a violent fever. For this complaint they give strong purgatives, bleed profusely, and rub the part affected with warm tallow, as likewise the extremities of the body, which produces violent perspiration. They sometimes make an incision in the side for the matter collected to discharge itself.

Pulmonary complaints are frequent.

Bilious fever is the prevailing disease, and generally comes to a crisis the seventh or ninth day. If it does not terminate in death, the patient is left extremely weak, and remains a long time in a convalescent state; indeed, seldom recovers perfect health without change of climate. The remedies prescribed for this disorder are strong purgatives, profuse blood letting, injections, and bark, when the fever subsides. They recommend a thin broth, made by the boiling of a fowl in water, barley-water, &c. for constant drinks; and will not suffer the patient to eat any thing while the fever is upon him, but allow him to drink as much water as he pleases. The part most affected is the head.

A proposition was once made to the court of Spain, to open a canal from the bay of Panama, to connect it with the river Chagres at Cruz, and so with the Atlantic Ocean. It was rejected on pretence that it would deprive the Pacific of so much water as to leave their harbours on *that* side dry; and, on *this*, overflow the West India islands, and the sea-coast of the continent: the waters of the Pacific at that part of the continent being thought much higher than on the opposite side in the Atlantic Ocean. This is probably absurd, and the more probable cause of rejecting the proposition, is the policy which induces the Spaniards to deprive other nations of all intercourse with her American possessions, which a canal would much facilitate, and expose her possessions in the Pacific to an easy conquest. The ebb and flow of the tides at Panama is from fourteen to twenty feet; at Porto Bello they are but three or four.

Should such a canal ever be opened, it will probably cause a complete revolution in commerce, and make Panama and Porto Bello two great emporiums for the interchanged products of the eastern and western worlds.

There are many considerable settlements on the lake and river of Nicaragua, and between the river and Panama, on the gold mines of Veragua, from which are taken about twenty quintals of gold annually. The provinces of Veragua and Costa Rica, between Panama and the lake, are not numerously peopled, neither is that of Leon; but by means of this lake vast quantities of goods from Porto Bello would find their way into Mexico, and thence the whole country within the jurisdiction of Guatimala would receive supplies, as likewise from Panama, which is situated at the head of a deep and spacious bay, about two hundred leagues south-east from Guatimala. Panama is a walled town, of about thirty thousand inhabitants. South-west, about six hundred miles, is Guayaquil, on a river which rises from the Andes in Quito, and enters with those of the Pacific Ocean at Guayaquil bay. This river is navigable, and goods are conveyed

up it thence to Quito. Between Panama and Guayaquil are several intermediate ports, which would receive more or less goods from thence, from whence they would likewise find their way to Quito. Payta is a very considerable town on the Pacific, about one hundred miles from Guayaquil. The province of Quito is very populous, and said to be the richest of Peru. Lima is about eight hundred miles from Guayaquil, well known as the most opulent and luxurious city of America. It is the great emporium from whence every part of Peru receives supplies, as likewise the greater part of Chili, and monopolizes almost the whole trade of South America on the Pacific side, when Spain is at peace, and has a free intercourse with that country.

Sta. Martha is about ten leagues from Carthagena, and the river St. Magdalena unites with the Atlantic between those two places. The river St. Magdalena rises in the Andes, in Grenada, and those two places are the receptacles of the productions of that province, and supply it with merchandize. From St. Martha to Caraccas there is a safe communication by land or water, and the expences attending the transportation of goods by either mode of conveyance are trifling.

The trade of that part of Spanish America is very limited and confined. The European merchants enjoy all the advantages of their external commerce, the impolitic laws of their country having given them the power to impose their own prices on the American subject for the manufactures of Europe, and to receive the produce of their country on such terms as they think proper. Their internal commerce is principally illicit, which every class, from the viceroy to the meanest subject, is concerned in, and is reduced to such system, that each has his price for his perfidy, in proportion to the value of the trade he facilitates.

In Peru, some coarse woollen cloths and linen, hats, leather, &c., are the only manufactures, though a country capable of producing, with little labour, every kind of raw material.

During the late war, South America received goods by a trade with the islands, by the English and American whalers on the coasts of Peru and Chili, by a commerce from this country to the river La Plata, and round Cape Horn to Chili and Peru, which, except a few special permissions, granted generally to Spaniards, was a clandestine trade.

From the English islands they received their principal supplies, being allowed a trade thence by act of parliament, under certain restrictions, and protected from British capture by licenses from the different governments.

From Jamaica nearly the whole country from the Gulph of Mexico to Caraccas was supplied. The goods went chiefly to Porto Bello, on account of its vicinity to the Pacific Ocean, to Nicaragua, Carthagena, and St. Martha. From Jamaica at least two millions in goods were shipped from thence yearly. Porto Bello once commanded an immense trade. Before the navigation round Cape Horn was thought safe or practicable, the richly laden galleons of Spain, after having touched at Carthagena, and disposed of such parts of their cargoes as that market demanded, at a certain season, when least unhealthy, proceeded to Porto Bello with the remainder of their cargoes, when a fair was held of forty days' continuance. An English ship, by a contract with the Spanish government, was allowed an annual trade to Porto Bello about the year 1720; was laden in England with a very rich cargo, touched at Jamaica, put her provisions, water, &c., on board of tenders which accompanied her from thence, and proceeded to the fair at the time of the galleons. This privilege was given by the British government to the South Sea company.

The Spanish merchants from every part of America met at the

fair of Porto Bello, with their gold and silver, and other products of the country, to exchange them for the manufactures of Europe; and business was there transacted, in a few days, to the value of millions. Besides the immense cargoes of the galleons and the British annual ship, great quantities of goods were smuggled into Porto Bello at that time by the company's ships, allowed to trade thither with negroes by the Assiento contract.

From the discoveries made in navigation about this time, and the spirit of commercial enterprize which pervaded Europe, new and bold attempts were made, and voyages round Cape Horn became frequent. From this time the trade of Porto Bello decreased, and is now very inconsiderable.

Spanish America was formerly supplied with the products of China and India by a trading company at Manilla. An annual galleon was sent from thence to Acapulco, Panama, and Lima. But the products of those countries being imported from Europe and the United States, of late years, much cheaper than they can be from the Philippines, this trade languishes.

A free opening to our commerce at Porto Bello would supply the inhabitants from Nicaragua river to the Caraccas, and from Guatimala to Chili, and the interior country, at a much cheaper rate than could be done from any other quarter, unless the British from Trinidad should be able to supply them cheaper in the vicinity of Caraccas. But few of their goods would enter the interior, as the risk of seizure, and expences attending the smuggling trade, would deter the Spaniards from any considerable intercourse with that island, when they could be supplied from one of their own ports in the neighbourhood at much lower rates, and incur no hazard by transportation from one place to another.

The spontaneous products of South America, of which, on this plan, we should receive the greatest part for our merchandize sent thither, are gold, silver, platina (which is taken from the gold mines of Chaco only), pearls, precious stones, copper, drugs of various kinds, lignum-vitæ, ebony, mahogany, fustic, braziletto, Nicaragua wood, logwood, and every kind of dye-woods, which are in great abundance on the coasts of Porto Bello, but have never been exported from thence, as they have never had a trade to encourage the procuring of them.

The only place where pearls are much taken is the Isles del Rey, in the bay of Panama. The annual value of the fishery is about 150,000 sequins, and the pearls are said to be the best known. But the luxury in dress of the Spanish ladies so enhances the price of them, that they would not do for exportation.

The agricultural products are cotton, cacao, and indigo. Hides and tallow would become considerable exports, and so would tortoise-shell.

The country near Porto Bello, though extemely fertile, remains in a state of nature; hardly presenting a single trait of the art or industry of man. About Panama nothing is reared but cattle.

In the provinces of Leon and Costa Rica considerable quantities of indigo and cacao are produced; but of the latter article we should receive the greater part from Guayaquil, where it abounds. We should receive from Guatimala, by the way of Panama, the greatest quantity of indigo, and perhaps some cochineal; but no attention is paid to the culture or gathering of that article in South America.

The province of Carthagena, and the countries eastward, produce great quantities of cotton.

Near Santa Fè, in Grenada, wheat and other kinds of grain are raised in abundance. But the expence of conveyance so enhances the price, at Carthagena, Porto Bello, and Panama, that we could supply those places with flour much cheaper than they can now obtain it.

For the Literary Magazine.

DR. RADCLIFFE,

THE founder of the magnificent library at Oxford, was a person of a very singular character. He told Dr. Mead, "I love you, and now I will tell you a sure secret to make your fortune: *use all mankind ill.*" It was certainly his own practice. He owned he was avaricious even to spunging. He would, whenever he any way could, at a tavern reckoning, borrow a sixpence or a shilling among the rest of the company, under pretence of hating to change a guinea, because it slips away so fast. He could never be brought to pay bills without long running; nor then, if there appeared any chance of wearying them out. A paviour, after many fruitless attempts, caught him just getting out of his chariot at Bloomsbury-square, and set upon him. "Why, you rascal," said the doctor, "do you pretend to be paid for such a piece of work? why, you have spoiled my pavement, and then covered it over with earth to hide your bad work." "Doctor," said the paviour, "mine is not the only bad work that the earth hides." "You dog, you," said the doctor, "are you a wit? You must be poor, come in," and paid him.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON "THE ENLIGHTENED PUBLIC," AND "THE AGE OF REASON."

RICHARDSON makes a pleasing comparison of national virtues, which, says he, are first like the seed, which produces the blade, then the green ear, and lastly the ripe corn. A progressive state is observable in the moral, like that in the natural world, and may also be traced in the character of an individual, as well as in that of a people.

But it is not with the human head, as with the human heart. The perfection of any virtue is obtainable, but perhaps never that of knowledge; the actions of a hero are perfect, but the works of a scholar may in time be found erroneous; Alexander is still our hero, but Aristotle has ceased to be our preceptor. Virtue is similar and permanent, for an action of benevolence, or heroism, can never change in its nature; but a system of philosophy, or a school of taste, must be annihilated by new philosophies and new tastes.

Some speculative moderns have formed extravagant notions of that almost unimaginable perfection, to which human knowledge is rapidly conducting us. Hartley, in one of his sublime and incomprehensible reveries, leaves it to the knowledge of the next age to trace, and comprehend. Some living philosophers, who are only adding the English density of thinking to the French subtilty of fancy, conjecture that we may so improve our organization, as to extend our duration; that the mind may attain an infinite perfectibility; and that the intellectual faculties are transmissible from the parent to the son, as sometimes are the features and the habits. Philosophical conjecture rolling with this oscillatory motion, is merely an inebriation of poetry.

We are, however, incessantly reminded of the *enlightened* state of the public; but the testimony of authors becomes suspicious, for in persuading us that we are thus illuminated, they infer by implication that they are singularly so, since they give us very useful instruction. The expression was, I think, first the happy coinage of Voltaire, made current by his numerous disciples; Voltaire adored the public and himself; and this artful expression is at once imprinted with adulation and egotism.

It is certain that in former periods the human mind shot from a radical vigour, and flourished in the richest luxuriance. Among the ancients, the fine and mechanical arts have been considered to have exceeded our happiest efforts; and

as for the intellectual powers and the moral duties, though most of the compositions of these ancients have been lost, yet enough have remained to serve as models for our greatest poets; to instruct our orators in the arts of eloquence; our historians in the composition of history, and to leave nothing for our moralists, but an amplification of the observations of Seneca and Epictetus.

Had one of our modern philosophers lived in those ages, would he not, in the enthusiasm of his meditations, have expressed the flattering sentiment now so prevalent; and throwing his glance into remote futurity, have prognosticated a saturnian age, when every citizen should be a philosopher, and the universe one entire Rome? But it is the error of men, who, presuming to describe at so vast an interval, imagine circumstances and connections which have no existence; as it is often found that lands, which appeared united when observed remotely, are in reality eternally separated by the ocean.

Among the most sanguine, and the most singular of modern philosophers, is the worthy abbè de Saint Pierre. The honesty of his heart exceeded the rectitude of his understanding. His project of "A Universal Peace," by the infelicity of his style, could find no readers; a philanthropist as singular, but more eloquent, the celebrated Rousseau, embellished the neglected labour, enabled us to read the performance, and perceive its humane imbecility. It was no dull conception of a Dutch trader, who having inscribed on his sign the words "Perpetual Peace," had painted under it, a church-yard. Our good abbè had a notion that an age was not distant, when such would be the progress of that mass of light, which was daily gathering, that it would influence every species of knowledge, and penetrate to the lowest orders of society. This future generation is to be remarkable for the force of its reason, and the severity of its truth. It is therefore only to permit works of utility; to contemn the ornaments of eloquence, and the charms of poetry; but it may be necessary to observe, that our prophet was neither an orator nor a poet. He was once present at the recitation of one of those works which are only valued for the graces of their composition, and the felicity of their manner. A performance of such taste would not therefore be read by the more reasonable beings of his metaphysical age. He appeared frigid and unmoved, while the audience was enraptured. His opinion was asked; he smiled, and said, "It is a thing which is *yet* thought to be fine!"

Another of these chimerical, yet grand speculators, appears to me to have been the celebrated Leibnitz, who conceived the extravagant notion of forming one nation of all Europe; for he proposed to reduce Europe under one temporal power, in the emperor, and under one spiritual, in the pope; and to construct a universal philosophical language. This great scholar is an example of the fatal attachment which a superior mind may experience for a system of which it is blindly enamoured, and to which it sacrifices its own convictions. Leibnitz was a genuine philosopher, and a friend to humanity; his project of a universal language evinces this; but having once fixed on a system, he yielded up that dearest interest to a philosopher, the prosperity of the human mind; for what tyrant could have forged more permanent chains for intellectual freedom, than placing man under two such powers? If this project had been possible to effect, the other of the philosophical language had been useless; philosophy then would not have been allowed a language.

He who thinks, will perceive in every enlightened nation, three kinds of people; an inconsiderable number instructed by reason, and glowing with humanity; a countless multitude, barbarous and ignorant, intolerant and inhospitable; and a vacillating people with some reason and humanity, but with great preju-

dices, at once the half-echoes of philosophy, and the adherents of popular opinion. Can the *public* be denominated *enlightened?* Take an extensive view among the various orders of society, and observe how folly still wantons in the vigour of youth, and prejudice still stalks in the stubbornness of age.

To trace the human mind as it exists in a people, would be the only method to detect this fallacious expression. The unenlightened numbers, who are totally uninfluenced by the few, live in a foul world of their own creation. The moral arithmetician, as he looks for the sum total of the unenlightened public, must resemble the algebraist, who riots in incalculable quantities, and who smiles at the simple savage, whose arithmetic extends not further than the number of three.

In a metropolis, we contemplate the human mind in all its inflections. If we were to judge of men by the condition of their *minds* (which perhaps is the most impartial manner of judging), we should not consult the year of their birth, to date their ages; and an intellectual register might be drawn up, on a totally different plan from our parochial ones. A person may, according to the vulgar era, be in the maturity of life, when, by our philosophical epocha, he is born in the tenth century. That degree of mind which regulated the bigotry of a monk in the middle ages, may be discovered in a modern rector. An adventurous spirit in a red coat, who is almost as desirous (to use the wit of South) to receive a kiss from the mouth of a cannon, as from that of his mistress, belongs to the age of chivalry, and if he should compose verses, and be magnificently prodigal, he is a gay and noble troubadour. A sarcastic philosopher, who instructs his fellow citizens, and retires from their society, is a contemporary with Diogenes; and he who, reforming the world, graces instruction with amenity, may be placed in the days of Plato. Our vulgar politicians must be arranged among the Roundheads and Olivers, and Tom Paine himself is so very ancient as to be a contemporary of Shimei. The result of our calculations would be, that the enlightened public form an inconsiderable number.

It must however be confessed, that what knowledge has been accumulated by modern philosophy, cannot easily perish; the art of printing has imparted stability to our intellectual structures, in what depends on the mechanical preservation. A singular spectacle has, therefore, been exhibited; and it is sometimes urged by those who contemplate, with pleasing astonishment, the actual progress of the human mind, as a proof of the immutability of truth, that in the present day, every enlightened individual, whether he resides at Paris, at Madrid, or at London, now thinks alike; no variation of climate, no remoteness of place, not even national prejudices, more variable and more remote than either, destroy that unanimity of opinion, which they feel on certain topics essential to human welfare.

This appears to be a specious argument in favour of the enlightened public. But we should recollect, that this unanimity of opinion, which so frequently excites surprise, proceeds from their deriving their ideas from the same sources; at Paris, at Madrid, and at London, the same authors are read, and, therefore, the same opinions are formed.

Thus we account for this unanimity of opinion; and we may now reasonably enquire whether *unanimity of opinion*, always indicates *permanent truth?* It is certain that very extravagant opinions were once universally received; does any one deny that some of our modern opinions are marvellously extravagant? May we not say to the greatest genius, look at what your equals have done, and observe how frequently they have erred. Reflect, that whenever an Aristotle, a Descartes, and a Newton appeared, they formed a new epocha in the annual of human knowledge, it is not un-

reasonable to add one, among your thousand conjectures, and say, that their future rivals may trace new connections, and collect new facts, which may tend to annihilate the systems of their predecessors. Is not opinion often local, and ever disguised by custom? is not what we call truth often error? and are not the passions and ideas of men of so very temporary a nature, that they scarcely endure with their century? This enlightened public may discover that their notions become obsolete, and that with new systems of knowledge, and new modes of existence, their books may be closed for their successors, and only consulted by the curious of a future generation, as we now examine Aristotle and Descartes, Aristophanes and Chaucer. Our learning may no more be their learning, than our fashions will be their fashions. Every thing in this world is fashion.

It may also be conjectured, that amidst the multitude of future discoveries, the original authors of our own age, the Newtons and the Lockes, may have their conceptions become so long familiarized, as to be incorporated with the novel discoveries, as truths so incontestible, that very few shall even be acquainted with their first discoveries. It would therefore appear, that the justness, as well as the extravagance of our authors, are alike inimical to their future celebrity.

Bnt this instability never attends the noble exertions of virtue. Whoever immortalises his name, by an action of patriotism, or of philanthropy, will meet the certain admiration of posterity. To render a service to another is in the power of the meanest individual; but to aggrandise the gentle affections into sublime passions, to rise from the domestic circle to the public weal, to extend our ordinary life through years of glory, is performing that which once raised men into demigods.

W.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON PERFECTION.

To the Editor, &c.

SIR,

OF all the doctrines advanced by our new philosophers, or *philosophists*, as some affect to call them, I know of none that has been more severely attacked by grave censure and by ridicule, than the opinions they have given us of perfection, or *perfectibility*, by which latter phrase they mean, if I understand their meaning, that although mankind are not perfect at present, they may be so by a little pains, and that it is their own fault if they neglect the opportunities of arriving at perfection. Now this doctrine appears to be so inviting, so encouraging, and so flattering, that I am surprised it has met with opponents, and that many grave and learned men will voluntarily put up with the frailties of human nature, although it be given under the hands of eminent philosophers, they may get rid of them if they *have a mind*. Surely no man can be insensible that he is a daily sufferer by his imperfections, that, not to speak of the many scrapes which his passions bring him into, nearly half his time is consumed in sleep, a most vulgar species of inactivity, that his health is often impaired by the means he uses to promote it, meat and drink, which are incompatible with a state of perfection, and that at last he cannot support his frame above sixty or seventy years, when by the shortness of his life he must be compelled to show to what perfection he has brought it.

Doctrines, therefore, calculated to raise man above these obstructions, one would naturally suppose, must be highly acceptable; but the reverse is true: and I am the more surprised at the abuse thrown on the perfectionists, and think it the more unjust, because I am convinced the opponents of a state of perfection are

hypocrites; yes, sir, hypocrites; they are not in earnest; they pretend to oppose what in fact they wish to promote, and this I reckon a very striking perversion of the faculties, and calculated to bring among us such a confusion of ideas and opinions, that it will be difficult to say what the world believes or does not believe.

Eager as these enemies of perfection seem to be, is there a man among them who does not profess that he is in daily search of perfection in one article or other? Let us appeal to experience and the evidence of facts. Let us consult not only the language of private conversation, but those diurnal vehicles in which the public of our parent country, England, express their wants and wishes, what a panting and a breathing towards perfection we find in them! One, for example, advertises for a *perfect cook*, a phenomenon, I will venture to assert, as extraordinary as any thing promised in our new philosophy. Another expresses his wishes for a young man that has a *perfect knowledge of horses*. What are we to think of this? What all the farriers in the kingdom, and, with respect be it spoken, the Veterinary College at their head, and the learned Mr. Taplin bringing up the rear; what such a combination of talents and experience hath not been able to produce, is modestly expected from a young man, and such a young man as may be had for merely advertising! Look again at a third, and you will perceive that he inquires after a person who has a *perfect* knowledge of farming, as if all our farmers were new philosophers, and the result of the labours of all the agricultural societies in the world was to be picked up by a reference to "X. Y., at a hair-dresser's in the Strand," or by personal application to a register office, and *paying a shilling!*

But still, you may say, all this proves nothing; it only intimates that there are some people who advertise for perfect characters, but it does not prove that they have *found* them. These advertisers may themselves be *new philosophers*, who wish to persuade the public in this way that "such things are." Here are only *wishes*, but where are the *gratifications?* Here are splendid and fine sounding hopes held out to a cajoled public, but where is the reality? where the enjoyment?

Objections like these, Mr. Editor, would, I grant, be fatal to my argument, if I were not provided with the means of overthrowing them. In fact, they affect only half my argument, which was to prove that there are many persons who, although professed enemies to perfection, are for ever expecting, looking for, and advertising for it. But the latter part is to prove that they actually do, or may obtain their wishes, because the perfect characters themselves step forwards, and announce the completion of perfectibility with firmness, and as much modesty as can be supposed to exist in a state of perfection. In an English paper now before me, a lady assures us that she is *perfect mistress* of English, French, Italian, music, and needlework. Now, sir, I humbly presume that this is a state of perfection which has hitherto baffled the endeavours of all our learned academies, both at home and abroad, aided and assisted by vast troops of lexicons, dictionaries, grammars, &c., &c., &c. Yet all this has been accomplished, as you will find, by addressing a note to "Mrs. A. B., at the green grocer's, corner of the street," who informs you that for all this perfection "salary is no object."

Permit me to remark here, by the way, that it is a great mistake in *us* philosophers to suppose, that we can keep all our improvements and discoveries to ourselves, or that we can publish them in such high-toned language that the vulgar shall not be able to comprehend them, and consequently, that perfection, wherever it is attained, is to be obtained only by the great and the noble. I know not what can possess us with

a notion so contrary to fact and experience. Can you find a tavern-keeper who does not assure the public that he is capable of giving *perfect* satisfaction to all his customers? Can you enter into the shop of a tradesman whose goods are not *perfect*, and who does not treat you with the most *perfect* politeness? The truth is, sir, that so far are people in general from being enemies to perfection, whatever they may profess, I do maintain that their fastidiousness in this respect has spread among us a quantity of perfection which pervades all ranks of life. Your *wits* strive at perfection as much as any body, although perhaps it would be hard times for those of the *drama*, if the public had not, in their study of perfectibility, acquired the art of being perfectly good-humoured. Observe, likewise, how this, I must say, unreasonable lust after perfection, bears upon public men and measures. You expect a *minister of state* to be perfectly acquainted with war and finance. You send out *generals*, and you expect them to be perfect. You pop into a church, and you come out with disgust, because the clergyman has some small remains of human frailty, which does not suit your nice taste; and you murmur because you do not find that all lawyers are perfect; nay the very law itself is exposed to this rage for perfection.

As to domestic affairs, I have already touched upon the general wish for perfect servants. Small as their wages are, and servile their condition, you expect that every thing shall be perfect they attempt, from the making of a pudding, to the scouring of a staircase. Here, indeed, the public have been gratified. If we may believe the newspapers and the register offices, servants in general have attained all the perfection which new or old philosophers could wish, particularly perfect sobriety, perfect cleanliness, and what is above all, and is the grand climax of perfectibility, *perfect honesty*.

Thus far, I flatter myself, I have proved how unjustly our new philosophers have been blamed for introducing *innovations* in doctrine, since what they profess to teach has long entered into our practice, and is a prime object with every man, whether belonging to the old or new school, who wishes to live comfortably, and have things in perfection. But this is not all. If I mistake not, we have extended the boundaries of perfection. I do not wish to confuse the subject by metaphysical distinctions, yet, from what I am about to advance, I submit to you, whether we have not attained two kinds of perfection? Do we not frequently hear of such a character as a *perfect blockhead?* And are there not men who can talk (I will not say when or where) for an hour together, the most *perfect nonsense?* Nay and publish the said perfect nonsense, too, in the teeth of, and in defiance of critics and reviewers? But this is not all: I have heard, that some men, high in authority (I do not say in what country), have more than once committed a *perfect blunder*, to the great detriment of the nation. I do remember some lines illustrative of this kind of perfection, that were written many years ago, and if the *rhime* may be pardoned, are no bad illustration of our modern opinions of perfection. They were written in a tavern.

"The poor have some things perfect,
some the rich:
And here's our landlady, a perfect —."

How egregiously was Pope mistaken when he asserted that

"Whoever thinks a *perfect* work to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er
shall be!"

Strange, that a man who knew the world as he did, should hazard such a contradiction in terms. What would he have said had he lived in our days, and beheld the various instances of perfection with which we are surrounded; beheld some who

had attained a *perfect* knowledge of the *cheese line;* others *perfect* in the *manual exercise;* some restored to *perfect* health by a single pill; and others *perfectly blind* from their infancy; some *perfect* in the *Latin* and *Greek*, and others in the management of a *dairy;* some who have attained a *perfect friendship*, and others who have made considerable progress in a *perfect hatred.* But I check my pen, lest you should suppose I was not so *perfectly correct* in my ideas of what space ought to be allowed for the lucubrations of

Yours, &c.

X.

For the Literary Magazine.

ANECDOTES OF WIELAND.

NO poet has attained so much eminence, in his native country, and even beyond its precincts, as Wieland. English readers, indeed, must be satisfied with such a knowledge of him, imperfect as it is, as translation affords; but luckily for Wieland's glory, the version of *Oberon* into English is at least equal to the original.

It is natural to feel curiosity concerning the private life and domestic character of men who have made themselves famous by their public acts; but alas! how often does this curiosity prove a source of disappointment and vexation! How often do we find the life of the man, whose writings have awakened delight or claimed our homage, clouded by misfortunes, or degraded by vices or infirmities.

Wieland forms a striking exception to this rule; and the admirers of the *poet* enjoy the uncommon pleasure of finding in the *man* a pattern of virtue and felicity.

The following account of Wieland was drawn up about five years ago, and contains a very interesting picture of the prince of German bards.

This venerable laurel-crowned patriarch of the German muses passes now his last halcyon days, remote from the bustle and troublesome constraints of the great world, at his peaceful country-seat, Ossmanstadt, in the vicinity of Weimar. There he divides his tranquil, but still diligently employed, hours betwixt the Bucolic and the Parnassian muse; on the altar of which latter we have hitherto seen the offerings of the aged bard still burn with the bright flame of youth.

Wieland married his favourite daughter, Charlotte, who had accompanied the Danish poet Baggesen and his lady in a tour to Switzerland, to a bookseller in Zurich, a son of the celebrated poet Salomon Gessner. Wieland had resided during the most delightful period of his youth at Zurich, where he formed a friendship with the German Theocritus; and it gave him infinite pleasure, to embrace as his son-in-law the son of his friend. In the year 1797 he made, with his family, a journey to Zurich, to visit his children there; and inhabited for some months a pleasant country-house in a romantic situation on the border of the lake of Zurich; where he was visited by the most esteemed literati of Switzerland, a Hess, Fussly, Hottinger, Pestalozzi, Bronner, &c. With Lavater, however, he had no intercourse. Here he was seized with an irresistible longing for a country-life; and therefore, when late in the autumn of the same year he returned to Weimar, he sold his commodious house in the city, and purchased the small estate where he now resides. The lands belonging to this estate are not extensive; but the dwelling-house is very spacious and convenient; having been built on a large scale by count Bunau, the celebrated author of a History of Germany. Wieland retains his estate in his own hands, and has it cultivated under the direction of his sons: but had at first to contend with great economical difficulties. He is not rich; for he has always been very beneficent, and in the early part of his literary career was badly paid by the booksellers who published his

works. For some of his best early poems, Amadis and Musarion, he received but a few hundred dollars. Wieland has assisted many distressed young poets and authors, in whom he thought he discovered promising talents, much more liberally than could have been expected from a man of his fortune; and frequently paid more than their value for their contributions to the German Mercury, a periodical work which he has published since 1773; thus generously relieving their distresses without hurting their feelings. Thus he received with open arms the ex-monk Reinhold, who had made his escape from Vienna; and at last gave him one of his daughters in marriage. This is the same Reinhold, at present professor of philosophy at Kiel, in Holstein. At a later period, another monk fled to him from a Cistercian monastery in Suabia; and him too he supported for some years, while studying philosophy at the university of Jena.

To only a few favourites of nature it is given to arrive to so advanced an age, with the powers of their mind so fresh and unimpaired. Around him plays yet the sunshine of a youthful gaiety and humour, which are communicated as by enchantment to all who approach him. Under the snow of old age, his genius seems to enjoy an eternal spring. Simplicity, mildness, and philanthropy are distinguishing traits in his character; and, as in an angelic picture of Raphael, there beams forth in his countenance the tranquil transfiguration of a perfected spirit, and of a sainted heart. What chiefly causes him vexation is, that mankind, in his opinion, are continually growing worse and more depraved. It is a remarkable circumstance, that this kind of scepticism is mostly observable in men of the noblest minds. And there is a point of view in which it may be explained. The measure by which a man judges the world without, is his own heart; and the nobler his own heart is, the greater are his demands from the world; and it may often happen, that the world seems to have gone backward, and still to go backward in the path of morality, while in fact it is only he that has gone forward, and still goes forward. Mankind at large cannot keep pace with the individual striving after perfection, and steadily pursuing his course without interruption. From the same turbid source of scepticism probably flow the rapid changes of opinion which his enemies object to this great man with respect to politics; as in a lucid moment his heart again becomes reconciled with mankind, but immediately after, perhaps on reading the next newspaper, again gives itself up to unbelief and despair. A mind like his fluctuates in a continual attraction and repulsion, love for and indignation against the human race, which in no age or country shows a firm and stable character. Yes, who could believe it, so firmly has this opinion laid hold of the mind of Wieland, that he is willing to sacrifice to it even his own merit as an author. If he be asked, why, notwithstanding his unbelief of the progressive improvement of man, he still employs his pen to better him, and to promote that improvement the existence of which he denies, he replies: "I do not know how that happens; I cannot help writing: it comes upon me like bleeding at the nose, and I let it run."

Notwithstanding the extreme weakness of his frame, this singular man still enjoys the most perfect health: and the goddesses of Destiny seem willing to add, under the benign influence of a country-air, many a serenely chearful year to the life of their favourite. His labours are to him the best medicine and refreshment. On the other hand, a few idle hours are sufficient to bring a fit of sickness upon him. Nothing in nature is so hateful and dangerous to him as the wind.

Wieland has a numerous family: three sons and six daughters. Two of the sons apply to rural economy, and superintend the cultivation of

their father's estate; the third is pursuing his studies. Of the daughters, three are married, and two are widows, which latter reside with their children in their father's house at Ossmanstadt. An affecting picture it is, to conceive to oneself the fond and happy father in the midst of his family in his peaceful retreat at Ossmanstadt, free, and in the possession of a long-wished-for estate: but still more affecting it is, to see this *sacra familia* itself under the palms of Ossmanstadt, where Love, Concord, and Content hold them entwined with their unfading flowery wreaths. To his friends, who here visit him in his rural retreat, Wieland appears a true Jupiter Xenius; only he requires on their part a taste for and participation in his tranquil felicity. Nor is there any necessity for the guest's making empty compliments. It is a charming place. Wieland's estate is situated in a tranquil pleasant valley. The garden, the poet's favourite haunt, and, in its present form, mostly the work of the embellishing hand of its possessor, is a most delightful spot. A long row of lime trees leads to a very romantic grove, below which the neighbouring Ilm with soft murmuring hastens along. Here, during the sultry hours of the year, one generally finds the happy poet, surrounded by the harmonious choirs of the birds, sitting under the shadow of an umbrageous tree, with a book in his hand. Horace cannot have felt himself happier in his beloved much-sung Sabinum, than Wieland is in his beloved unsung Ossmanstadt. Wieland takes great pleasure in husbandry; he consults for instruction every good book on the science of rural economy; and, as in himself, so all around him we see the useful and the beautiful joined in amicable union.

The poet, however, thus happily saved from the storms of the world, is not so wholly absorpt in the enjoyment of this rural felicity, as to have bidden adieu for ever to his maternal Weimar, whom he first incircled with the laurel wreath, and to whose name he first communicated poetic harmony. He from time to time visits her operas and theatres; and, while listening to the strains of a Mozart or to the sublime productions of a Schiller, willingly forgets for a few hours his beloved Tibur. At the time when Schiller's Wallenstein was first acted on the Weimar stage, he remained eight days in that city. Martini's *Una cosa rara*, likewise, whose dulcet tones are above all pleasing to his ear, sometimes entice him back again within the walls he has left. The vicinity of Tinfurt, the usual summer-residence of his old faithful friend, the dutchess Amalia, mother of the reigning duke of Weimar, often induces Wieland to exchange his beloved shades for that sacred vale of friendship, there in confidential conversation, or at the exhilarating banquet to recal to recollection the cheerful hours of former times. The most lively picture of the manner of living at our patriarch-poet's house is to be found in a book published a few months ago, and entitled, *Schattenriffe meiner Erinnerungen von Offenbach, Weimar und Leipzig*, Leipzig, Graff, 1800; of which a translation would undoubtedly be received with approbation by the English. These sketches were written by the sexagenary venerable German authoress, *Sophia La Roche*, Wieland's oldest friend and beloved, who in the summer of 1799 paid him a visit at Ossmanstadt; and in that publication eloquently describes the scenes of her happy meeting and sojournment with the friend of her youth.

Wieland was born at Biberach, a small imperial free city in the circle of Suabia, where his father was chief Calvinist pastor. In his youth he was seized with religious enthusiasm; an almost unavoidable consequence of the manner of his education, and of the extreme liveliness of his imagination. His filial affection for his bigoted mother, who followed him to Weimar, kept him probably longer in this crisis than

otherwise would have happened. Some pious edifying bursts of this holy enthusiasm in the church-style have been preserved by him as memorials of his then temper of mind, and may now be read in the supplements to his works. At that time the pious poet Bodmer with joy enlisted the young enthusiast under his biblico-poetic banner, and invited him into Switzerland. But soon his powerful genius irresistibly seized him, and raised him, by rapid and splendid flights, above the misty horizon of his master. Bodmer now with bitter affliction pronounced Wieland a fallen angel. Our poet began his poem on the Nature of Things in his seventeenth year. His native city, Biberach, honoured him by appointing him a director of the chancery; but he soon became tired of this unpoetic office. It was the old Hamburgh poet, Brokus, who gave the first impulse of poetic inspiration to Wieland, and, as I am told, likewise to Klopstock. In the library of Ossmanstadt an honourable place is assigned to this Adam of German poetry, and Wieland still points him out to his visitors with grateful respect. Two persons, who are most intimately connected with the history of Wieland's youth, had the greatest influence in completely developing and perfectionating the powers of his mind. Julia Bondely, a beautiful lady of Bern, of one of the first families of that city, became the object of his love, during his residence of five years in Switzerland; and, herself nurtured with the sweetest floscules of French and Italian poets and belsesprits, her honeyed mouth breathed into the soul of the fiery youth a strong inclination towards these heroes of literature, and first expelled religious enthusiasm from his breast. What Julia Bondely had begun, was completed by the count von Stadion, who, at the time when Wieland was appointed recorder of his native city, lived with princely splendour at Warthausen, a castle only a mile and a half distant from Biberach. Count Stadion had been prime minister to the elector of Mentz, was an admirer of Voltaire and the encyclopædists, a man of various knowledge, polished manners, and possessing an exquisitely cultivated understanding. He conceived so great an affection for Wieland, that he could hardly live without him. Wieland had an apartment assigned to him in the castle, and was almost daily at the count's, who had an extensive library, and every necessary apparatus of literature, and a rich fund of knowledge in his own mind. Here he conceived and collected the ideas for his *Agathon*, his *New Amadis*, his *Golden Mirror*, and most of the other poetic productions, by which he first excited the admiration of all Germany.

That our poet raised himself to his present envied eminence merely by his own study and application, and by the strength of his genius, I need not inform those who have perused his earlier writings, where he so often and so feelingly complained of the severe constraint which his poetic muse endured from unfavourable circumstances; and in him we have an additional proof, that a great man is not the creature of circumstances, but is formed by his own exertions, and the culture and proper application of his own inherent powers. No one becomes a great man, without willing to become a great man.

Except the above-mentioned versatility in politics, which might perhaps be interpreted rather to his honour, as a gennine cosmopolite, Wieland possesses an unchangeable firmness of opinion. This he proved against the violent impetus of the Kantian proselytism, which left no man of literary distinction untempted, and like an irresistible hurricane, swept men and systems along with it. Wieland's character is irreproachable, and his heart generous; when Fichte was dismissed from his professorship at Jena, the noble-minded Wieland expressed his regard for him, and his concern for his hard fate, by the following exclamation: "On such occasions it

vexes me that I am not a prince, that I might be able to offer a suitable pension to so deserving a man." This wish does the more honour to his heart, as he belonged to the party which opposed Fichte, whose philosophy was odious to him, as being a texture of useless and noxious subtilties.

To the above particulars I must yet add, that he is at present employed on a new work, "Aristippus," one half of which (in two octavo volumes, Leipsig, Goschen) is already finished, and in the composition of which all the juvenile spirit of the poet seem again to have animated him. The philosophy of Aristippus, so often misunderstood, always approved itself as the most proper to the inward conviction of Wieland; and already, several years ago, he explained himself with great animation on this subject, in his excellent *Annotations on Horace*, whose satires and epistles he translated in a masterly manner, and published in four volumes. It is easy, therefore, to represent to oneself, what a rich fund of experience and the philosophy of life he has accumulated, in this latest production of his philosophic muse. It has some similarity to Barthelemy's *Voyage de Jeune Anacharsis*, as it too transports us as if by enchantment into Greece, and is founded entirely on true accounts transmitted to us in the Greek writers. But a creative poetical spirit, which is wanting in the work of the Frenchman, pervades the whole. After Aristippus, the celebrated and here vindicated Lais acts a principal part in this epistolary correspondence, for the whole consists of letters supposed to have passed between Aristippus and his cotemporaries.

Wieland intended to write the history of his own mind. May it not happen to him, in execution of this excellent design, as to Lichtenberg, out of whose hand Death snatched the pen, and closed the history of his life, just as he was going to begin the history of his mind! But we have every reason to hope that Wieland will be more fortunate; he enjoys at the age of seventy as good a state of health as formerly, and his genius still blooms with the vigour of youth. Few things has he willed, which he has not sooner or later put in execution: and herein, in my opinion, is shown the true greatness of mind possessed by this eminent man, who always knew both his own powers and the extent of his undertakings, and with persevering diligence completed the designs he had once conceived.

For the Literary Magazine.

JESUIT'S BARK.

THE first book on the virtues of this medicine was printed at London in 1682, and entitled, "The English Remedy; or, Talbor's Wonderful Secret for curing of Agues and Fevers. By Sir Robert Talbor." This work was a mere translation from a French book, written by the surgeon to the duke of Orleans. In 1683 Dr. Gideon Harvey published a small tract, called "The Conclave of Phisitians, with a Discourse on the Jesuit's Bark," in which he treats some of the greatest names in his profession with much scurrility and contempt. Alluding to Dr. Talbor, he says, "Though this jesuit's powder is not a medicine newly found out, but revived by a debauched apothecary's apprentice of Cambridge, in the application to all intermittent fevers, and he, in this empirical practice, most diligently imitated by our most famous physic doctors, as their Esculapius and first master (a hopeful tribe, in the mean time, that shall leave their sense, reason, and dog-mata, to follow a quack or empiric)." Dr. Birch notices, that, in 1680, Talbor's febrifuge of the bark was mentioned to the Royal Society. Madame de Motteville, in the Memoirs of Queen Anne of Austria, vol. 5, p. 208, says, that in 1663, the queen being ill of a fever, the physicians gave her the jesuit's bark,

which removed it for a time. This shows the practice of it before sir Robert Talbor was applied to. Madame de Motteville, who was never absent from the queen, and is minute to a great degree in whatever concerned her, could not be mistaken. The contents of Talbor's book are given in Mr. Baker's manuscripts.

W.

For the Literary Magazine.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE FEATHERS AND DOWN OF DOMESTIC FOWLS.

From the French of Parmentier.

BIRDS are caught and reared, not only for the sake of their flesh, their fat, and their eggs, but also of their feathers. The feathers, given them by nature for their clothing, and to aid their flight, are applied to different purposes useful to society.

Some, remarkable for softness and elasticity, for the beauty of the filaments of which their barbs are composed, serve to overshadow the helms of warriors, to ornament the heads of ladies, to form those tresses and plumes by which the richest articles are surmounted.

Others, valued for the length and solidity of their barrels, and the facility with which they can be cut at pleasure for writing, become the interpreters of our thoughts. Among the Europeans, they form an advantageous substitute for the reeds employed by the Arabs, and for the *style* with which the ancients engraved upon wax.

There are feathers also proper for filling those cushions, on which, when fatigued with the labours of the day, we repose during the night. From the latter, luxury herself has selected some of peculiar fineness, lightness, and elasticity, to form her couches.

The most beautiful of all the *plumes* are those made of the feathers of the ostrich, that singular biped, which has the feet and parts of generation of quadrupeds, the head of birds, and the faculty of laying; the stomach and intestines of ruminating animals, and yet the gizzard of fowls; whose body is covered partly with hair and partly with feathers; whose wings are not the instruments of flying, but only balances with which it supports itself in equilibrium, in its rapid course through the deserts of Africa.

The plumage of the male is black, with some grey and white feathers; that of the female is brown, and of an ashen gray; the large feathers of the wings and tail are white in the male, and black in the female.

These large feathers are soft, open, and flexible; their barbs, composed of detached filaments, without consistence and adhesion, are long and full; the white plumes of the male are susceptible of the finest tints.

The rarity and high price of these ostrich feathers, brought to us from the Levant, might, no doubt, have suggested the wish of naturalizing these birds in Europe, had they been capable of living any where but on the burning sands of Africa. But there is another kind of ostrich, that of Magellan, which, inhabiting the cold districts of South America, might thrive in our climates.

There, is however, another much more advantageous project. It is, to breed white turkeys, and to employ for plumes the feathers found on the lateral part of the thighs of these animals. This substitute for ostrich feathers would answer very well.

Besides the large ostrich feathers which are seen waving with so much grace over the heads of ladies, there are some taken from other birds which serve also the same purpose. Of this kind are the feathers of the bird of paradise, and particularly the long and beautiful black ones which proceed from the top of the head of the heron, forming an aigrette, which is balanced on their neck. Luxury adorns itself also

with the feathers of the peacock. The colours of gold and of precious stones which nature has bestowed in profusion on the tail of this beautiful bird, are its exclusive property. Those of the golden birds, the humming-bird, and others of the large family of the woodpeckers, exhibit the freshness and velvety appearance of flowers, the polish of the most brilliant metals, the splendour of the most precious stones, and the variegated and dazzling reflection of the rays of the sun. It has employed, in trimming robes, the beautiful yellow and brilliant feathers of the neck of the toucan. It has not even disdained to use, for the like purpose, the azure feathers of the jay.

So active a war was carried on some time ago in France against these birds, in order to obtain their feathers, that the farmers flattered themselves with the hope of being soon freed from them. The rage for the feathers of the jay was soon over, and that bird continues, as before, to ravage the fields.

With skins, furnished with feathers of the same birds, together with those of the swan, duck, diver, pintado, pheasant, &c. muffs and palatines are made.

The skins destined for this purpose, ought not to be those of birds which have died of disease, or which have been killed in moulting time. In this case the feathers would drop off, or would not be perfect. None, therefore, must be employed but those of birds killed in their state of perfection, and stripped off soon after their death, especially when the weather is hot; otherwise the same effects would result from corruption as from disease.

When the skin has been freed from all its impurities, it is spread over a small table, the plumage downwards, and the feathers previously well arranged over each other. To stretch it better, it is fixed with pins, or with thread.

The fat and flesh which may adhere to it, are then removed, and the rents in it, if any, are sewed up. The skin is then covered with glue, prepared from a handful of farina, a pinch of common salt, and as much good white-wine as is necessary to mix it up and bring it to the proper consistence.

The skin being thus covered, is exposed to dry to the north wind, after which it is cleaned by scraping it, which may be easily done, as the glue detaches itself in scales. After this operation, if it still retain any humidity, it must be again covered with glue, and dried as before.

When well dried, it is fixed with thread upon paper, or on a ribbon, to preserve it, and inclosed in a box, the bottom of which is covered with absynthium or rosewood. If any agreeable odour be required in the skin, it will be necessary, before it is taken from the table, and after it has been scraped, to give it, with a sponge, a stratum or two of some odoriferous composition.

When the skins are those of large birds, vinegar, in which salt or alum has been dissolved, is used instead of wine; several strata of this mixture are daubed over them; the quantity depends on the thickness of the skin.

Pens, for such is the name given to the feathers of the wings and tails of birds, to distinguish them from the feathers, properly so called, by which their bodies are covered, are the longest and strongest of all the feathers. Those of swans, geese, and crows, are employed in preference to all others for economical purposes, and according to the quality of their barrels.

Thus, the quills of the swan are most esteemed for writing and for forming brushes; those of the goose, which are more plentiful, and almost as good as those of the swan, are more generally used for writing; and those of the crow are more particularly employed for the keys of harpsichords, and by draftsmen in those kinds of drawings which are executed with the pen.

The bird which supplies the greatest quantity of writing-pens is the goose. One furnishes quills of ten different qualities; but there al-

ways remains on their surface a greasy matter, from which they must be freed to render them pure, transparent, and shining. This preparation is generally given to them by the Dutch. Hence the expression of *dutchifying* quills.

The process consists in immersing the quill, when plucked from the wing of the bird, into water almost boiling; to leave it there till it becomes sufficiently soft; to compress it, turning it on its axis with the back of the blade of a knife. This kind of friction, as well as the immersions in water, being continued till the barrel of the quill be transparent, and the membrane, as well as the greasy kind of covering, be entirely removed, it is immersed a last time to render it perfectly cylindrical, which is performed with the index-finger and the thumb. It is then dried in a gentle temperature.

Pillows, mattrasses, and cushions, may be filled with the small feathers of domestic fowls and pigeons. There are some cantons in which they are employed for this purpose; but for the most part the down of the palmipedes is chosen. Those of birds of prey might be employed also, were they sufficiently numerous.

There are two kinds of down. One, which is neglected, consists of light soft barbs, open, bristly, and without connection, which cover a great many young birds soon after birth, and which drop off in proportion as they grow. The other, more adherent, which are carefully collected, consist of those short feathers, with slender barrels, and long, equal, disunited barbs, with which nature has composed the warm clothing of birds which take a high flight, and those which are aquatic, in order to secure them from the cold they would otherwise experience, the one in the upper regions of the atmosphere, and the other from the contact of water. This down in the latter is covered with a close oily plumage, which preserves it entirely from humidity, and by these means permits these birds to preserve their natural heat.

The down of birds of prey, being exceedingly rare, collectors endeavour to obtain only that of palmipedes; a very numerous class of birds, and of which three species only have been domesticated; the swan, goose, and duck.

A kind of down far superior to these, on account of its softness, lightness, and elasticity, is the eider-down furnished by a duck called the eider-duck, *Anas mollissima*, which inhabits Iceland.

The eider-duck pulls from its breast and belly the down with which they are covered, in order to line its nest to warm its eggs and its young. It is the softest, the lightest, warmest, and most elastic, of all the kinds of down. Norway and Iceland furnish this valuable substance, which is sold there at the rate of four or five dollars per pound when pure and well picked.

The nests of the eider-duck are, to the inhabitants of the coasts of northern Europe a sort of property, which, though free, is constant and certain. Each man enjoys in peace the nests situated on his land, and does every thing in his power to draw thither these ducks. A heavy fine is imposed on those who kill any of these birds. One man, if his habitation be placed on one of the rocks at a distance from the land, can collect in a year from fifty to a hundred pounds of down. The Danes purchase all they collect. The down taken from a dead eider-duck is inferior in quality to that which it plucks from its own body.

There is, indeed, a very great difference between feathers plucked from a living bird, and those taken from one which has died of itself.

The latter have very little elasticity; their barbs become matted when exposed to the least humidity. Though baked in an oven, they are attacked more readily by insects, and in a little time reduced to dust.

But this difference is observed not merely in feathers; wool and hair are equally subject to it. Wool, shorn from an animal which has died

of disease, is not near so valuable as that from a sheep in health. The state of the disease even lessens the quality. All cloth made of hair cut from an animal which has died of disease, is destitute of strength. Merchants, therefore, are very careful to say that their hair is *alive*, and they are, no doubt, taught by daily practice to distinguish it.

Even ivory collected by chance in countries inhabited by elephants, is inferior to that obtained from elephants which are hunted; the latter being whiter, less brittle, finer, and susceptible of a better polish, and in every respect superior.

Among wild swans, there are some, the plumage of which is entirely white, like that of domestic swans. The greater number are rather gray than white; and this gray is darker on the head and back, so that it appears almost brown.

Domestic swans like geese are stripped of their feathers twice a-year. They furnish a down much sought after on account of its softness, and which is employed for stuffing pillows and beds. The same substance, exceedingly fine, and softer than silk, is used for powdering-puffs. It is formed also into beautiful muffs and fur-articles, which are both light and warm. The feathers of the wings are preferable to those of the goose for writing, and for the tubes of painting-brushes.

Though the down of common fowls and pigeons is not neglected in some districts, the palmipedes furnish the principal part of that consumed in Europe.

Ducks' feathers are sufficiently elastic, and sold at a certain price in Normandy, where great numbers of these birds are reared. They are used for pillows and mattresses.

The common goose, and particularly the large tame species, supplies the greater part of the feathers and down employed in Europe. It was long believed that the health of these birds was injured by taking their feathers; but if the operation takes place before moulting, it is not followed by any inconvenience when properly performed, and in such a manner as to take from each wing only the down and four or five feathers.

When the young birds have attained the age of two months, they are conducted to clear water; they are then placed on clean straw to become dry; they are then speedily stripped of their feathers for the first time, and a second time at the commencement of autumn; but with moderation, on account of the cold, by which they might be injured.

When geese are stripped of their feathers they must be prevented from going to the water, and made only to drink, during two days, till their skin becomes firm. They are plucked a third time, when they are killed, after they have been fed. This bird, therefore, can furnish, in the course of a life of nine months, three crops of feathers.

Goose feathers form an important article of commerce in Lincolnshire, where they are sold, to a considerable amount, every year.

Three crops of writing quills, and of down for filling beds and pillows, enhances considerably the profit which may be derived from a numerous breed of geese. This product varies with age; a mother-goose gives in general a pound of feathers, but a young one only half a pound.

Geese destined for peopling farm-yards, and which are called old geese, may be plucked thrice a-year without inconvenience, every seven weeks; but young ones, before they are subjected to this operation, must attain the age of thirteen or fourteen weeks, and especially those soon destined for the table, because they would become meagre, and lose their quality.

The nature of the food contributes very much to the value of down, and to the strength of feathers. The particular care taken of geese is no less important. It has been remarked, that in places where

these birds find a great deal of water, they are not so much subject to vermin, and furnish feathers of a better quality.

There is a sort of maturity in regard to down, which may be easily discovered, as it then falls of itself. If removed too soon, it will not keep, and is liable to worms. Lean geese furnish more than the fat; it is also more esteemed. Farmers ought never to pull geese long after they are dead, for the purpose of being sold; they generally smell badly, and become matted: none but those plucked from living geese, or geese which have been just killed, ought to be used. In the latter case, the geese must be plucked soon, and in such a manner that the operation may be terminated before they are entirely cold: the feathers are then much better.

Whatever be the kind of birds from which feathers are obtained in the greatest abundance, those principally used ought to be plucked from a living bird; and they may be easily known, as the barrels, when pressed between the fingers, emit a bloody liquid. Those plucked after death are dry, light, and liable to insects; but feathers and down of the best quality, collected before moulting, and in the proper season, require caution, in order to preserve them in a good state. They are always accompanied by a fat lymphatic matter, which, becoming altered, would communicate to them an odour exceedingly disagreeable. They must, therefore, be subjected to previous desiccation, and exposed in an oven after the bread has been taken from it. This desiccation ought even to be carried further when the feathers are those of aquatic birds, in consequence of their oily nature.

When this previous desiccation has been effected, the feathers are conveyed to a dry airy place, where they are stirred every day. By these means the pith contained in the barrels is dried; the greasy and membraneous parts of their surface are dissipated in dust. The quill may then be kept for centuries: but if these precautions be neglected, if the quill is not reduced to the state of pure parenchyme, and if it contains half dried juices, it will become a prey to insects. In this case it must be bleached in soap-water, and then washed several times; a secondary operation, which determines the elastic quality of the quill, and occasions a loss. What has been said of feathers, is applicable to wool. If badly scoured, the yoke and fat matters with which it is impregnated attract insects. It must then be washed to prevent its total destruction, and be freed from this natural fat matter, which is liable to corrupt.

The matters employed in beds in country houses must be put into a hurdle, supported by a tressle, in the middle of a well aired apartment; they must then be stirred and beat from time to time with a switch; exposed often to the open air; to the cold during the fine days of winter, and to the sun in the beginning of spring, to remove that kind of insect of the class of the phalenæ which is propagated only in the shade and in a state of repose. Daylight and agitation are means far preferable to the aromatic plants proposed for producing the same effect.

The process of purification consists in putting into three pints of boiling water a pound and a half of alum and as much cream of tartar, which are diluted in twenty-three pints more of cold water. The wool is then left immersed in this liquor during some days, after which it is washed and dried. After this operation it will no longer be subject to be attacked by insects.

The purity of feathers and wool employed for mattresses and cushions ought to be considered as a first object of salubrity. Animal emanations may, under many circumstances, be prejudicial to the health; but the danger is still greater when the wool is impregnated with sweat, and the excrementitious parts of persons who have experienced pu-

trid and contagious diseases. Bed-clothes, and the wool of mattresses, therefore, cannot be too often beat, carded, cleaned, and washed. This is a caution which cannot be too often recommended.

For the Literary Magazine.

OSSIAN IN HIS OWN LANGUAGE.

THE long agitated question concerning the authenticity of Ossian's Poems is now finally decided. There has been lately published a copy of the Celtic original, together with a Latin translation, in which the Celtic word is given in a Latin word *verbatim* as nearly as possible: it appears that the Latin idiom is in so many instances sacrificed to a strictly literal version of the Celtic, as to be unintelligible. It appears that the ground work, or principal scenes, facts, characters, and imagery, is truly Celtic; but that Macpherson has taken very great liberty with the original, and that by no means, either on the whole, or very often, if ever, for the better.

Macpherson, who has been long in the habits of a schoolmaster, was very well acquainted with the Bible; the circumstance of his having so many children to read the Bible for so many years, made the scriptural style, and particularly that of the poets, as the Psalms, Isaiah, &c., &c., perfectly familiar to him, and made it in some measure his own. He seems also to have been not a little conversant with the best heathen poets. Into his Ossian he has forced every where imagery and phraseology taken from writings sacred and profane. He has made his Ossian a mixture of idioms. His characters do not wear one *costume;* his regiments are not in uniforms, but a kind of speckled clothes. Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and English idioms interspersed in Macpherson's Ossian, make rather a motley performance; though it is in many places wonderfully sublime and pathetic. It is a general complaint that the sentences in Macpherson's Ossian are cut so short; and such an abrupt and starting manner, that it is difficult to follow the thread of the narrative. In the original no such difficulty occurs; there is less rant or studied swell than in Macpherson, but more circumstantiality of description. A translation was made of a canto in Ossian into verses corresponding as nearly as possible with the original; in this translation Ossian appears in his true colours, without any extraneous ornament, and to much greater advantage, than in the translation of Macpherson.

For the Literary Magazine.

A RUSTIC CEMETERY.

I LATELY spent most agreeably a few days in the hospitable retirement of an old friend. One evening, while walking amidst his extensive plantations, accident led us to a retired spot, where the shades were darker and thicker than those of the surrounding woodlands. On enquiring the reason why these thickets had been so carefully guarded from the ravages of the axe, the countenance of my friend altered, a tear stole down his cheeks, he grasped my hand, and with expressive silence pointed to a small stone half concealed by the underwood, which I immediately perceived by its inscription had been placed there to protect the remains of his venerable parent.

There is something in this incident which corresponds with my own feelings. When I walk amidst the woods and groves which have been reared and fostered by my own care, there is a pleasing melancholy in the thought of reposing beneath their protecting shade, when the hand that planted them lives no more.

How different an asylum to that with which the crowded churchyard presents us; where the avarice of the living confines within narrow limits the repository of the dead; where the confused medley of graves seems like the wild arrangement of some awful convulsion of the earth. Humanity recoils at the thought of lying down amidst so confused a multitude, and sighs for a peaceful grave!

Talk not of consecrated ground! The beneficence of my Creator is as extensive as the circle of the universe; nor can a spot be found which does not bear the impress of his providential care and kind regard.

Give me, to rear a grove of majestic oaks, under whose shade I may, while living, behold my children sporting, and, when dead, my bones may quietly rest.

W.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE POLEMICAL PASSION.

WHEN Luther and his followers first dissented from the reigning religion, they built their faith upon the bible only, instead of admitting into any partnership with the sacred volume, that monstrous mass of homilies and traditions, which the catholics allowed to possess a coequal authority with the writings of Moses and Paul. The lutherans imagined that, in this choice, they substituted order for confusion, and simplicity for complexity; that they appealed to a standard of belief, clear, plain, and incapable of deceitful or double construction. How far this opinion was well founded, the history of the protestant sects will sufficiently evince.

One who should judge without experience would naturally imagine, that to avoid all ambiguity, evasion, and debate, it is only necessary to reduce the matter of our opinions to writing. Thus some politicians have of late imagined that no government could safely rest upon custom or tradition, that no nation can be supposed to have any constitution which is not reduced to writing, and that to make the rights and duties of citizens perfectly clear, definite, and stable, it is only necessary to record them, with all practicable perspicuity, in a book. The first lesson of experience overthrows those plausible conclusions, and shows, that such is the imperfection of language, and such the subtlety and Proteus-like *lubricity* of the human understanding, that it easily and inevitably starts away from, and eludes all such trammels and fetters.

A very curious and forcible example of this uncertainty is to be found in the history of what are called the thirty-nine articles of the church of England. A company of learned men assembles, and after the most deliberate consultations, adopts a few short sentences as the standard of religion, and directs that all persons shall assent by their subscription to these articles, in order to obtain certain rights and privileges.

It is surprising how much has been written, and how many opinions have been entertained on the plain and obvious question, what does a man mean when he subscribes these articles? Some consider them as a mere form, and the articles, not as articles of truth, or even opinion, but as articles of peace. They subscribe them in no fixed sense, but in any sense the words will bear, so far as they are agreeable to scripture, or in that sense in which they are agreeable to scripture. Others view them as articles of truth, and subscription as the best way of securing them. But then again, what is the true sense of these articles? This point is not yet settled, some contending that they are to be taken in the literal and grammatical sense; others, that the *literal* and *grammatical* sense is *not* the *true* sense. One party maintains, that what are called the doctrinal articles are arminian; ano-

ther, that they are calvinistic; others, that such articles have two senses, both true; so that an arminian, no less than a calvinist, may conscientiously subscribe them. Indeed, it has been asserted, that certain articles have *three* senses, *all true*. Till at length, men of some account, both in the universities and the church, have given a still more liberal turn to this matter. Aware, that the articles, in their literal and grammatical sense, the sense in which they are required to be subscribed, have but few advocates, and that an almost general disbelief of them prevails even among the clergy, they avow, that a tacit reformation has taken place both in the church and universities, since the first framing of the thirty-nine articles; that the persons subscribing, and the persons who officially demand subscription, keep pace with such improvements, and indulge each other in the most liberal interpretations; the articles now being, according to this representation, a mere nothing, and men being at liberty to subscribe them, as well as to teach them, mechanically, in a kind of philosophical sense.

Is it possible to carry licentious reasoning further than this? Before these reasonings which are firmly adopted and boldly avowed by many upright and eminent men of the English church, must not all faith in the efficacy of a written standard of belief entirely vanish?

If a superior power should reduce the belief of all mankind to one single text from scripture, or indeed from any volume, which speaks a language current among men, and should this power select for this purpose, that text which contains the clearest and most intelligible meaning, there is no doubt that mankind would build upon this scanty ground, just as great a diversity of faith and practice as they have hitherto done upon the widest foundations.

This diversity of views, happily for mankind, though manifest and glaring to every observer, seldom produces any wavering in our own opinions. Our own conclusions and interpretations, are not the less satisfactory and cogent to ourselves on this account. It would be still more fortunate, if it impaired our charity as little as it does our faith, and if we could retain all the fulness of our own conviction, without proportionably undervaluing the understanding, integrity, or sincerity of those from whom we differ. This however may safely be pronounced impossible.

B.

For the Literary Magazine.

PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS.

A NUMBER of gentlemen in Philadelphia have united in a plan for promoting the charming studies of sculpture, painting, and architecture. A liberal subscription has been raised for purchasing ground and building a house, suitable for the reception and display of the finest monuments and models, which can be procured from abroad or supplied at home. Sufficient funds have already been formed for these purposes. A plan for a building has been furnished by an amateur of great taste, and it is expected that a temple will speedily rise, in the most airy and desirable situation in the city.

This design is highly honourable to the spirit of those who have adopted it. Our country is generally considered as a youthful, or rather, in some respects, an infantile country, whose imbecile and growing state requires corporal nutriment and exercise, rather than intellectual; but the success of this project, is a proof that we are not altogether occupied in these coarser cravings.

A large supply of the best models has already been engaged from France and Italy, and the zeal and liberality of those engaged in the undertaking will, no doubt, procure

new and constant accessions to the collection, after it is begun.

Whatever justice there may be in the contempt with which the literary and scientific spirit of America is regarded by Europeans, we are surely remarkably distinguished for our genius for the arts. Notwithstanding the want of examples, and incitements, America has hitherto produced the greatest painters of the age, and this pre-eminence they have established, not only in spite of the want of all the customary motives to diligence and emulation, but in defiance of numerous discouragements and obstacles, to which the artists of other nations have not been exposed. One of the ends of the present institution is to supply these incitements, and to remove these obstacles, by concentering and cultivating a taste for these arts, and supplying those who are thirsting after excellence, with patterns and prototypes.

This is written by one who has not the honour to be enrolled in this fraternity, but whose zeal for liberal pursuits will always make him diligently second their efforts, and sincerely rejoice in their success.

R.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON THE STRUCTURE OF THE UNIVERSE.

IN this adventurous and magnificent speculation, the following ideas seem to comprehend all that human genius or sagacity can hope to discover.

It has hitherto been the chief employment of the physical astronomer to search for new celestial objects, whatsoever might be their nature or condition; but our stock of materials is now so increased, that we should begin to arrange them more scientifically. In dividing the different parts of which the sidereal heavens are composed, in proper classes, we must examine the nature of the various celestial objects that have been hitherto discovered, in order to arrange them in a manner most conformable to their construction. The first class is that of insulated stars. It might be expected, that the solar system would stand foremost in the list, whereas by treating of insulated stars, we seem as it were, to overlook one of the great component parts of the universe. It will, however, appear that this very system, magnificent as it is, can only rank as a single individual belonging to the species which we are going to consider.

By calling a star insulated, I do not mean to denote its being totally unconnected with all other stars or systems; but when stars are situated at such immense distances from each other as our Sun, Arcturus, Capella, Lyra, Sirius, and numberless others, we think that we may look upon them as sufficiently out of the reach of mutual attractions, to deserve the name of insulated stars. For it is ascertained by computation, that supposing the earth's orbit, as is highly probable, does not extend more than an angle of one second of a degree, when seen from Sirius, then the Sun and Sirius, if the masses are equal, would not fall together in less than thirty-three millions of years, even though they were not impeded by many contrary attractions of other neighbouring insulated stars. A star thus situated may certainly deserve to be called insulated, and of this kind our Sun is probably one.

From the detached situation of insulated stars, it appears that they are capable of being centres of extensive planetary systems; and from analogy we may suppose, that every one of them is attended with planets, satellites, and numerous comets; though there is good reason for believing that we can only look for solar systems among insulated stars.

The next part of the construction of the heavens, is the union of two stars, that are formed together into one system, by the laws of attraction, and denominated binary si

dereal systems, or double stars. If a star be situated at any distance behind another, and but little deviating from the line in which the first is seen, there would be the appearance of a double star, but they would not form a binary system. If, however, two stars should be really situated near each other, and at the same time so far insulated as not to be materially affected by the attractions of neighbouring stars, they will then compose a separate system, and remain united by the bond of their mutual gravitation towards each other This should be called a real double star; and any two stars that are thus mutually connected, form a binary sidereal system.

Two stars may be so connected as to perform circles, or similar ellipses, round their common centre of gravity. And in this case they will always move in directions opposite and parallel to each other, and their system, if not destroyed by some foreign influence, will remain permanent. Hence arises an essential difference between the construction of *solar* and *sidereal* systems. In the former is a ponderous attractive centre, by which all the planets, &c., are kept in their orbit; but in the latter, the stars of which they are composed move round an empty centre, to which they are nevertheless as firmly bound as the planets to their massy one. Such indeed is the case of the earth and moon, which, in their monthly revolutions, move round a centre without a body placed in it; and the same may be said of the sun and each planet.

It would be easy to prove, that no insulated stars, of nearly equal size and distance, can appear double to us; that casual situations will not account for the multiplied phenomena of double stars, and that consequently their existence must be owing to the influence of some general law of nature, such as gravitation; and to show that many of them have actually changed their situation with regard to each other, in a progressive course, denoting a periodical revolution round each other; and that the motion of some of them is direct, while that of others is retrograde.

III. Triple, quadruple, quintuple, and multiple stars, are stars that may be preserved in a permanent connection, by revolving in proper orbits about a common centre of motion. If we admit of triple stars, we can have no reason to oppose more complicated connections. And it is easy to form an idea how the laws of gravitation may easily support such systems.

Such combinations as these are not the inventions of fancy; they have an actual existence, and may be pointed out by thousands. There is not a single night when, in passing over the zones of the heavens, by sweeping, we do not meet with many collections of double, triple, quadruple, quintuple, and multiple stars, apparently insulated from other groups, and probably joined in some small sidereal system of their own.

IV. Clustering stars, and the milky way. The stars of which the milky way is composed, are very unequally scattered, and show evident marks of clustering together into many separate allotments. Thus in the space between Bèta and Gamma Cygni, the stars are seen clustering together towards two different regions; and, taking the average breadth in this space of about five degrees, it contains more than 331,000 stars, and, admitting them to be clustering two different ways, there will be 165,000 for each clustering collection; this name the milky appearances certainly deserve, as they are brighter about the middle, and fainter near their undefined borders; and that the brightness of the milky way arises only from stars, is evident, since their compression increases in proportion to the brightness of the milky way.

V. From clustering stars there is but a short transition to groups of stars. A group is a collection of closely compressed stars, of any figure or outline, sufficiently separated from neighbouring stars to

show that it makes a peculiar system of its own.

VI. Clusters of stars, which are the most magnificent objects to be seen in the heavens. Their form is generally round, and the compression of the stars shows a gradual, and pretty sudden accumulation towards a centre, the existence of which cannot be doubted, either in a state of real solidity, or in that of an empty space, possessed of a hypothetical force, arising from the joint exertion of the numerous stars that enter into the composition of the cluster.

VII. Nebulæ, which, on account of their great distance, can only be seen by instruments of great space-penetrating power. These may all be resolved into the three last-mentioned species, which at certain immense distances will put on the appearance of nebulæ. Nebulæ are objects that may be perceived at the greatest distance, but only with a telescope of great power, which has not only a power of penetrating into space, but a power also of penetrating into *time past*. To explain this, we are reminded, that, when we look upon Sirius, the rays that enter the eye cannot have been less than six years and four months and a half coming from that star to the observer. Hence it follows, that when we see an object of the calculated distance at which one of these remote nebulæ may be perceived, the rays of light which convey its image to the eye, must have been more than *one million nine hundred and ten thousand years on their way;* and that consequently so many years ago this object must already have had an existence in the sidereal heavens, in order to send out those rays by which we now perceive it.

VIII. Stars with burs. These may be a real cluster of stars, the whole light of which is gathered so nearly into one point, as to leave but just enough of the light of the cluster visible to produce the appearance of burs.

IX. The phenomenon of milky nebulosity is probably of two kinds, one of them deceptive, namely, such as arises from widely extended regions of closely connected clustering stars, contiguous to each other, like the collections that construct our milky way; the other being real, and possibly at no very great distance from us; but of its nature we must not presume to speak.

X. The nature of nebulous stars is enveloped in much obscurity, and will probably require ages of observations before we can form a proper estimate of their condition. There is no doubt of the starry nature of the central point; but the great distance of such stars renders the real extent of the surrounding nebulosity a surprising phenomenon, which, in other circumstances, might be imputed to an atmosphere.

XI. Planetary nebulæ, and XII. planetary nebulæ with centres.—These involve also great difficulties. The former may perhaps be allied to nebulous stars. For should the planetary nebulæ, with lucid centres, be an intermediate step between planetary nebulæ and nebulous stars, the appearances of these different species, when all the individuals of them are fully examined, might throw a considerable light upon the subject.

For the Literary Magazine.

SIR W. HAMILTON.

SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON, whose name is so famous among the lovers of the arts of antiquity, and of the curious in volcanic science, was indebted for all his honours and fortunes to the humble but fortunate circumstance of being *foster-brother* to the present king.

For the Literary Magazine.

LONGEVITY.

THE notion, generally admitted, that longevity is, in some cases, a sort of family or hereditary distinction, might be productive of some

striking consequences in a moral view. How much of the system of popular morality is built upon the uncertainty of life! but this uncertainty, if not entirely taken away in relation to the members or descendants of a long-lived family, is much less than in relation to ordinary mortals. It is related, in a recent publication, that the Maddocks, of Cumberland, have been distinguished for longevity during a period of seven centuries. In consequence of which, the same estate has remained in the hands of lineal male heirs since the conquest, and the records of the family, for the last two centuries, afford no instance of a death, except by casualty or violence, at an earlier age than seventy-two.

The family has also been remarkable for intermarriages among its own members, by which its distinctive properties, whatever they were, could not fail to be perpetuated.

Among the Maddocks, the topics drawn from the brevity and precariousness of life, though not altogether, are certainly more unsuitable and inapposite than among the rest of mankind.

For the Literary Magazine.

IMPROPRIETY OF BURYING IN CHURCHES.

IN the Voyages and Travels of Dr. Hasselquist, a Swedish physician, he observes, concerning burials in churches and towns: "The burying-places of the Turks are handsome and agreeable, which is owing chiefly to the many fine plants that grow in them, and which they carefully place over their dead. The Turks are much more consistent than the Christians, when they bury their dead without the town, and plant over them such vegetables as by their aromatic and balsamic smell can drive away the fatal odours with which the air is filled in such places. I am persuaded that by this they escape many misfortunes which affect Christians, from wandering and dwelling continually among the dead."

The great sir Matthew Hale was always very much against burying in churches, and used to say, "*that churches were for the living, and the church-yards for the dead.*"—He himself was interred in the church-yard of Alderley, in Gloucestershire. The best arguments for burying in *gardens and fields* will be found in *Mr. Evelyn's Sylva*, p. 625.

In Mold church, in Flintshire, is an epitaph on Dr. William Wynne, written by himself, in which are these words:

"In conformity to an ancient usage,
From a proper regard to decency,
And a concern for the health
Of his fellow-creatures,
He was moved to give particular directions for being buried in the adjoining church-yard,
And not in the church."

In 1776, the king of France prohibited the burying in churches.

In America, the practice of burying in churches is not yet abolished, either by law or by common sense. But ideas of a better mode are gradually advancing among us; and in time we shall probably observe an absolute divorce pronounced between the church and the cemetery, so that they shall not only cease to be one and the same, but even be removed from each other's neighbourhood.

O.

For the Literary Magazine.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE CITY OF WASHINGTON.

Drawn up by a Foreigner, in 1803.

THE scite of the city of Washington is a tract of ground lying between the fork of the eastern and western branches of the *Potowmac*,

which, at their confluence, form an obtuse angle. This ground was originally covered with forest, and is so still except those spots which have been cleared to make way for buildings. The city commences at the point of confluence, and diverges from thence eastward and westward, from one branch to the other, and northward to their sources. On the side, not bounded by either branch, lies the open country, so that the city may proceed to a vast extent, unchecked by any other settlement, except Georgetown, which occupies a part of this triangular piece of ground, upon the western branch, a little above the confluence. It is separated from Washington by a small creek, and is now become a suburb of it. The lines for the streets, according to the plan of Ellicote, have been cut through the forest. They run in a straight direction, from branch to branch, east and west, and are intersected by others, crossing them at right angles, north and south. Those leading to the grand avenues are from one hundred and thirty to one hundred and sixty feet wide, the others from ninety to one hundred and ten feet.

Washington wears, at present, rather a grotesque, than picturesque appearance. The different proprietors and purchasers have cleared the wood upon their own lands, and erected houses, or parts of houses, leaving the adjacent ground to be cleared by those to whom it may hereafter belong; so that, except at Greenleaf's Point, and one or two other places, where there is something like a continuation of buildings, the whole is a kind of patch-work. At one place, a finished house presents itself totally surrounded by wood; at another, a half-finished one; at a third, the foundations of houses only are to be seen; and at a fourth, three or four unfinished carcases; so that any very correct calculation of the number, or topographical description of the whole, cannot be expected. In 1799, the number of finished houses might be about 400, and the unfinished half of that number. In the begining of 1802, the number of both together were nearly 1200. The houses are three stories high, of very complete brick-work, and slated. Besides these, there were a number of frame houses, or temporary wooden buildings, for the accommodation of workmen, labourers, &c. These latter are, in time, to give way to more elegant buildings, according to the original design. The capitol, from the appearance of the only wing, which is built of hewn stone, promises, when the centre and corresponding wing shall be added, and the circumjacent grounds properly laid out, to be a very superb and well decorated edifice; but as the architect, who built the wing now standing, has quitted the United States, and left no plan of the centre, the taste of this most material part of the building rests with his successor, and any further observation is precluded. When finished, it is intended to contain the two houses of congress, and all the public offices.

The president's house, which is finished, is a very neat piece of plain square architecture of hewn stone, in the modern style. It stands nearly in the centre between the two branches of the Potowmac, and about a mile from their confluence. A street of the widest dimensions leads to it, at the east end of which a bridge of hewn stone is intended to be built, over that branch of the Potowmac, into Maryland. Over this bridge will be the main road from the northern to the southern states. A little below where this bridge is to be built, stands the navy yard, in which a seventy-four gun ship is now building; but it is at present, like all the other navy yards in the United States, unihclosed. The Washington hotel, the chief house of public accommodation, is a very spacious and commodious brick building, situated between the capitol and the president's house. The other houses are very substantial, commodious, and well-finished: but as the buildings are very detached, and the

views, from the intervening woods, very broken and interrupted, nothing but a bird's-eye prospect can give a perfect idea of this city *in embryo*. Something like a guess may be formed of the appearance of here and there a superb public edifice; brick houses finished and unfinished; mingled with temporary wooden huts, and interspersed with lofty trees. Scarce any thing like connection is to be observed; but as the regularity of the plan is every where strictly observed, when the chasms begin to diminish, it must form the grandest piece of architectural uniformity in the world.

The Potowmac is a noble river; and the circumstance already mentioned, of a seventy-four being laid down on one of its branches, leaves no doubt of its channel being deep enough for mercantile ships of any burthen to unload at the wharves.

The Americans cherish a belief that, at no very distant period of time, Washington will be not only the handsomest, but the largest city in the universe. Brissot, in his "Commerce of America with Europe," condemns this *rage* for great cities, in the Americans. He calls it a great evil, which will contribute more than any other thing to the ruin of republican spirit. This may be true in a political point of view; but in a moral one it is quite the reverse. It will be happy for mankind, if, following the example of the Americans, the contest betwixt nations shall hereafter be, which shall build the finest cities, not which shall ravage the most. It will be more congenial to humanity, to witness the competition between the heroes of the trowel, than those of the sword; as well as more beneficial to posterity; since it is obvious that Blenheim house hath long survived the advantages reaped by the British nation from the victories which it was built to commemorate.

Washington stands in a very commanding situation. The regularity of plan upon which the streets are laid out, and the uniformity of the construction of the houses, will far exceed any thing of the kind ever before attempted; and if those natural causes, which must necessarily be concurrent to the establishment of large cities, should assist, Washington will stand a monument of the spirit of enterprize, activity, and perseverance of its founders. But even those qualities, so very essential to success, will not always ensure it. Washington may never arrive at its expected grandeur; it may be even injurious to the United States that it should. If Washington should become the emporium of the United States, the other commercial cities and towns, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Norfolk, Charleston, &c., may fall to decay, through the removal of their most opulent merchants, who will as naturally flock to share the increasing opulence of Washington, as flies to a honey-pot. This will be like feeding the body, at the expence of the members; the former becomes dropsical, whilst the latter falls into a decline. If it be asked, why has not the immense disproportion of London to the other parts of England those injurious effects? The answer is plain. All parts of England have as numerous a population, as can subsist by agriculture; the superfluity are therefore driven into large communities to gain a living by commerce and manufactures. The case is exactly the reverse in the United States, where there is a very trifling population compared with their territory. Its vast extent considered, a sprinkling of small towns must be infinitely more advantageous than a few large ones; and, perhaps, any thing like a town should be avoided. Of this opinion are the abbé Mably, Dr. Price, the count de Mirabeau, Brissot, and other writers, who have endeavoured to prove that great cities, commerce, and manufactures will be baneful to America, whose only pursuits should be agricultural.

If they are right, the Americans are wrong in attempting commerce and manufactures, without which, however, they cannot have great ci-

ties. Manufactures, especially, can never be very extensive in the United States, whilst the high price of manual labour obliges them to sell their clumsy imitations at a higher price than the elegant imported originals would cost. This dearness of labour is occasioned by the disproportion of population in America to its extent, and the consequent cheapness of land, which engages all the industry of the country in cultivation. Labour will continue dear, so long as land shall be cheap, which, in the United States, must be so for ages to come, as there are nearly two hundred millions of acres uncultivated. If, therefore, the Americans would give birth to manufactories amongst themselves, they must lay such heavy duties upon foreign importations, as will be tantamount to a total prohibition of them. The European powers will retaliate; and, as the Americans are universally their own carriers, such a measure will annihilate their commerce, and leave their shipping to rot in their harbours. But the commerce of the United States is too extensive and profitable to permit their inhabitants to balance between its certain gains, and the uncertainty, if not impractibility, of manufactories; and therefore it will be policy in them to import foreign goods, in exchange for their own produce. Thus will manufacturers, one great source of population in large cities, be wanting in Washington.

The agricultural system in the United States is still more hostile to the manufacturing, than the commercial system is. New-York and Philadelphia, which have been settled for more than a century, and have also been successively the seat of government, and the receptacle of immense swarms of emigrants, have never arrived to the magnitude of many third-rate towns in England. Why? The uncultivated lands of Kentucky, Tenessee, Province of Maine, Vermont, &c., have continually drained them, and will ever do so whilst lands are cheap. Man naturally prefers tilling his own spot of ground to labouring in the workshop of another; and hence it is not to be wondered at that Kentucky, which, in 1771, had not one hundred inhabitants, contains now upwards of one hundred thousand, whilst, notwithstanding the swarms of emigrants, who have yearly poured into Philadelphia and New York, neither of them have increased very sensibly. If the navigation of the Mississippi should be opened to the United States, the western territory will hold out still greater allurements to emigrants from the eastern shores, which must be felt by Washington, as well as Philadelphia and New York.

If, therefore, America cannot establish manufactories; or, if, by persisting in manufactoring for *herself* (for she never can hope to export to Europe, which manufactures for all the world), she destroys her commerce, one of the two chief sources of population in great cities is cut off; and the agricultural system, ever acting as a drain through the latter, not only Washington, but no other city in the United States, can ever arrive to any great magnitude.

The rapid increase of Washington, from its commencement, is attributed, by sensible Americans, to its true cause, *speculation*, a field for which being once opened to the land-jobbers, who swarm in the United States, they made large purchases, and bent all their resources towards running up buildings, and giving the city an extrinsic appearance of prosperity. So industriously have these purposes been pursued, that, in London, 500l. *sterling* is asked for about the sixth part of a single lot, many of the prime of which, in point of situation, were originally purchased for 20l., and three years credit. If this sudden increase had arisen from actual settlement alone, a more undeniable proof would be given of the prosperity of Washington, than by the magic appearance of uninhabited structures, like mushrooms after a shower. Fruits forced in a hot-

house answer very well the purpose of those who bring them first to market, but they have not the substance of more natural productions.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON THE ANTI-CHRISTIAN TENDENCY OF CLASSICAL LEARNING.

IN the Literary Magazine, for June, 1805, I have read, with some interest, a neat and candid essay on this question, "Has classical learning an anti-christian tendency?"

As the author of the essay appears to be conversant with the writings of the ancients, I should be glad if he would favour the public with his opinions upon the following questions.

I. Has classical learning an immoral tendency?

II. Are some parts of the classical books which are read in schools and colleges indelicate, indecent, and immoral?

III. Are the descriptions of the ancient poets extremely romantic and improbable, and liable to corrupt the imagination of youth?

I shall offer a few remarks upon two or three positions in the essay, which I think exceptionable.

"No tutor thinks it necessary to apprize his pupil that the stories of Ovid and Virgil are false, or to guard his imagination from implicitly crediting their fables."

Then all tutors are, in my opinion, guilty of neglect of duty. Many school-boys do not know that the stories which they read in Ovid are fictitious. They are often believed, as I know from the experience of grammar schools in Europe. But if they are known to be fictitious, and are not believed, still they produce a bad effect on the minds of youth. Truth and fiction produce similar effects on the mind. One affects the reason, the other affects the imagination; and both influence men's conduct. Do romances and plays produce no injurious effects on the minds of young women? The sensitive girl knows that the affecting story over which she sighs and weeps is a mere fiction; but yet it excites her sympathy, and disturbs her imagination. May not the wild and extravagant stories, which are related in the heathen poets, produce as great effects on the minds of credulous school-boys? They deprave the imagination, and inflame the passions of youth. They have a pernicious tendency, because they are generally unnatural, or indelicate, or licentious. They are as bad as the wildest and the most ridiculous fairy tales, which we find in some old romances.

II. "A sincere convert to paganism would be deemed, in the present age, quite a prodigy. In general, such a belief would be thought the clearest evidence of madness."

That there are many men, who are as much pagans as Socrates, Plato, Cicero, and other ancients, I have not the least doubt. How can we distinguish Hume, Smith, Gibbon, Godwin, Taylor, and many others from the most rational of the pagan philosophers, who did not believe the vulgar theology, though they observed the rites and ceremonies of the established religion of the heathens? Passages may be selected from the writings of Gibbon, Godwin, and others, which show their partiality to paganism, if not their belief of it. Gibbon is frequent and warm in his panegyric on the liberal spirit of ancient polytheism. The following quotation is from the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, chap. xxiii.

"As soon as Gallus was invested with the honours of the purple, Julian was permitted to breathe the air of *freedom, of literature, and of paganism.* The deities of Olympus, as they are painted by the immortal bard (Homer), *imprint themselves on the minds which are the least addicted to superstitious credulity.* Our familiar knowledge of their names and characters, their forms and attributes, bestows on those

airy beings a real and substantial existence; and the pleasing enchantment produces an imperfect and momentary assent of the imagination to those fables which are the most repugnant to our reason and experience."

"The *dull and obstinate* understanding of Gallus embraced, with implicit zeal, the doctrines of christianity; which never influenced his conduct, or moderated his passions. But the independent spirit of Julian refused to yield the passive and unresisting obedience which was required, in the name of religion, by the haughty ministers of the church. Their speculative opinions were imposed as positive laws, and guarded by the terrors of eternal punishments. Till Julian reached the twentieth year of his age, he received from his christian preceptors the education not of a hero, but of a saint."

Mr. Gibbon informs us that after Julian was released from the authority of his christian preceptors, he studied the literature and the religion of Greece, and publicly declared himself a convert to paganism. "A devout and sincere attachment for the gods of Athens and Rome constituted the ruling passion of Julian." Mr. G. ascribes the literature of Greece as one cause of Julian's apostacy; and his own preference of paganism is expressed in terms which cannot be misunderstood. Here then we have the authority and the example of Gibbon to testify that the literature and the religion of the ancient pagans have an anti-christian tendency. The celebrated historian of the Roman empire, himself an apostate as well as the emperor Julian, tells us, in express and decisive language, that the mythology of paganism is imprinted on the minds which are the least addicted to superstitious credulity. Are not the minds of youth addicted to superstitious credulity, and consequently liable to be contaminated by the vice, folly and infidelity of the ancients?

It is not fair to conclude that a man is insane, because folly and nonsense, or singular opinions may be found in his writings. No man has written more plausibly or more ingeniously on the use of classical learning than Mr. Godwin; but yet he has uttered sentiments which would be considered the wanderings of a vitiated imagination in any but a classical scholar. The following instances, among others, prove his strong partiality to pagan morality and virtues. See Godwin's Enquirer.

"The best ages of Rome afford the *purest models* of virtue that are any where to be met with."

"Great pains have been taken to bring the ancient Romans down to the *miserable level of the men of modern times.*"

"In Rome is presented the *substance* of men, in England the *shadow.*"

"I might as well have called up into the rivalship of Rome the histories of Bihdulgerid or Senegambia* as the History of England."

I could produce similar sentiments in the writings of other admirers of the ancient pagans. Are we to conclude from these extracts that Mr. Godwin is insane, or a pagan, or only a classical scholar? If the first, I fear that many will be in the same predicament. The strongest symptom of insanity which these men exhibit, is the incredible and indefatigable pains which they take in studying, interpreting, and translating the writings of the Greeks and Romans. "Madame Dacier affirmed that she had read Aristophanes two hundred times; and one Berlugerius was so insane a reader of Homer, that he was excommunicated for reading him at church. He at last, with restless impatience, undertook an excursion to the fields of Troy, but is supposed to have lost his way." D'Israeli's Miscellanies.

The following is a curious specimen of the liberality of sentiment of a modern polytheist, who is distin-

* Countries in Africa, inhabited by savage negroes!

guished by his profound knowledge of the languages and literature of the ancients.

"Nothing has so much the subject of ridicule and declamation, of ignorant aspersion and impotent contempt, as the theology of the ancients. But it still lives in the works of the ancients, it is still capable of being supported by sound reasoning and sublime philosophy*. The theology of the ancient as well as of the modern vulgar was, no doubt, full of absurdity; but that of the ancient philosophers appears to be worthy of the highest commendations and the most assiduous cultivation. After the abolition of the Athenian and Alexandrian schools, the jargon of innumerable sects established a tyranny unknown to the pagan world, the tyranny of religious despotism; and finally extirpated from the earth the dominion of ancient wisdom and virtue†. From the incredible multitudes of different persuasions, christianity lost all appearance of a revelation; and by the conduct of its professors, seemed rather calculated to confound than to illuminate mankind." Taylor's Proclus.

It must be acknowledged, that there are sentiments in this quotation, which have found many advocates. The religion and the morality of the ancient philosophers, are intimately connected, and it is not easy to receive one and reject the other. The following extract is from an essay on classical learning, which lately appeared in a newspaper of Boston, and is supposed to have been written by an American clergyman. The writer says that he found it in Knox's Essay on Education, and that Swift is the original author of it.

"The books read at schools and colleges, are full of incitements to virtue, and discouragements from vice, drawn from the wisest reasons, the strongest motives, and the most influencing examples."

This account of the morality of the ancients, is precisely what we may infer from the quotation from Taylor's Proclus. Is the praise just? or are Swift, Knox, and the essayist guilty of misrepresentation?

III. "Of all objections to classical learning, this is surely the most groundless and absurd." It may be so; but still many persons of good sense and sound judgment deem it an objection of some force. The opinions of the authors of the following extracts, will always command respect and attention, on account of their experience, learning, and love of truth and virtue. It is probable that on a subject of such moment, they would consult many persons of observation and experience, and would not venture to publish their opinions without mature deliberation, and satisfactory evidence of their truth.

Dr. Watts enumerates the supposed advantages of a classical education, and then makes the following observations. "But the great question is, whether all these advantages which have been mentioned, will compensate for the long months and years that are wasted among their incredible and trifling romances, their false and shameful stories of the gods and goddesses, and their amours, and the lewd heroes and vicious poets of the heathen world? Can these idle and ridiculous tales be of any real and solid advantage in human life? Do they not too often defile the mind with vain, mischievous, and impure ideas? Do they not stick long upon the fancy, and leave an unhappy influence upon youth? Do they not tincture the imagination with folly and vice very early, and pervert it from all that is good and holy?" Watts on the Mind.

St. Augustine considered the custom, which prevailed in his time, of explaining the fables of the poets in the christian schools, as a fatal torrent, which rolled on without re-

* It would puzzle a necromancer to divine what classical scholars mean by philosophy.

† Unhappily for mankind their influence is still great.

sistance, and carried youth along with it, into the abyss of eternal destruction. Lib. i, Conf. c. 16.

"It might, says Rollin, be wished that the fatal monuments and impure remains of heathenism, which are so capable of infecting and corrupting the mind, were buried in the same ruins which have swallowed up idolatry, and had sunk with it for ever. But Divine Providence has, without doubt, permitted them to survive idolatry, as a testimony to all future ages, of the impurities and abominable excesses, which were not only tolerated by the pagan religion, but commanded, and even recommended as sacred by the example of their gods." Rollin's Belles Lettres, vol. i.

"The study of some of the Latin and Greek classics is unfavourable to morals and religion. Indelicate amours and shocking vices, both of gods and men, fill many parts of them. Hence an early and dangerous acquaintance with vice; and hence, from an association of ideas, a diminished respect for the unity and perfections of the true God. Those classics which are free from this censure, contain little else but the histories of murders, perpetrated by kings, and related in such a manner as to excite pleasure and admiration." Rush's Essays.

Suicide was frequently committed by the ancients. It is celebrated by the poets, and defended by the specious arguments of philosophers and historians. It is ranked among the sublime virtues of a patriot and a hero.

"Nor were the opinions of the Romans upon the most important subjects less vitiated in early years, by the progress of a specious and destructive philosophy. The principles of Epicurus had been for some time fashionable in Rome; and his disciples, advancing far beyond the modest scepticism of the academic school, boldly denied the providence of a Supreme Ruler of the universe, and openly maintained, that death was the extinction of all existence. These tenets gave a fatal blow to the established religion, and were calculated to undermine the great sanctions of moral obligation. The noble youths who resorted to Athens, and other seats of learning, were thus taught to despise the ceremonies, and deride the maxims of their national belief, a firm adherence to which had been the glory of their ancestors, and had not only operated powerfully upon their martial efforts, but was closely connected with the civil constitution of the republic. This philosophy had the recommendation of great and attracting examples to make it popular; for it was adorned with the poetical graces of Lucretius, and honoured by the commendation of Virgil; it was favoured by the scepticism of Cicero, and was embraced by the sagacious Cæsar, and the learned and accomplished Atticus." Kett's General Knowledge.

The following is from Bryant's Analysis of Ancient Mythology, a work of the deepest erudition, and held in the highest estimation by classical scholars, vol. i, p. 453.

"We are," says Mr. Bryant, "so imbued in our childhood with notions of Mars, Hercules, and the rest of the celestial outlaws, that we scarce ever can lay them aside. We absolutely argue on pagan principles; and though we cannot believe the fables which have been transmitted to us, yet we forget ourselves continually, and make inferences from them as if they were real. In short, till we recollect ourselves we are semi-pagans."

"Mr. Bryant," says Dr. Holwell, "justly complains, and laments that so many learned men, such as Cumberland, Usher, Pearson, Petavius, Scaliger, with many others, and among the foremost, the great Newton, could not entirely divest themselves of their prejudices," the prejudices of a classical education. Holwell's Mythological Dictionary.

The celebrated Mrs. Hannah More, speaking of the religion of women, has the following observations.

"Women also bring to the study

of christianity fewer of those prejudices which persons of the other sex too often early contract. Men, from their classical education, acquire a strong partiality for the manners of pagan antiquity, and the documents of pagan philosophy. This, together with the impure taint caught from the loose descriptions of their poets, and the licentious language even of their historians, often weaken the good impressions of young men, and at least confuse their ideas of piety, by mixing them with so much heterogenous matter. Their very spirits are imbued all the week with the impure follies of a depraved mythology; and it is well if even on Sundays they get to hear of the "true God, and Jesus Christ whom he has sent:" while women, though struggling with the same natural corruptions, have commonly less knowledge to unknow, and fewer schemes to unlearn; they have not to shake off the pride of system, and to disencumber their minds from the shackles of favourite theories; they do not bring from the porch or the academy (pagan schools) any "oppositions of science," to obstruct their reception of those pure doctrines taught on the Mount; doctrines which ought to find a readier entrance into minds uninfected with the pride of the school of Zeno, or the libertinism of that of Epicurus." More's Strictures on Female Education.

The following observations on the effects of classical learning, are by that sensible and popular writer, Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton.

"When the light of science began to illumine our long benighted hemisphere, and the art of printing diffused those treasures of knowledge which had been a useless deposit in the hands of ignorance and superstition, an enthusiastic admiration of the writings of the ancients was generally inspired. Devoted to the study of heathen wisdom, men forgot, or lightly esteemed, the fountain of truth; they beheld it agitated by theological controversy, and polluted by theological prejudice, and turned from it with disgust, not permitting themselves to examine whether a stream so polluted could have its source in divine perfection.

"*The consequence has long been, still is, and may long continue, fatal to the cause of sound morality and virtue.*

"However the study of the classics may have opened the understanding, enlarged the views, and elevated the sentiments of men, it is to be feared that many prejudices have flowed from the same source, that are inconsistent with and inimical to the spirit of the religion which we profess; prejudices which are at variance with the whole tenor of our Saviour's precepts, and which occasion a perpetual and manifest inconsistency between the practice and profession of christians. These prejudices have thrown a shade of ignominy over the mild glories of humility, meekness, and mercy, and exalted pride and revenge into the rank of virtues. They have substituted the love of glory for the love of truth, emblazoned the crimes of ambition with the lustre of renown, and taught men that reputation is of more importance to their well being, than the sanction of a Deity."

For the Literary Magazine.

ADVERSARIA.

NO. X.

AMADIS DE GAUL, as we are informed by his last and best translator, was written by Vasco Lobeira, a Portuguese, who was born at Porto, fought at Aljubarrotta, where he was knighted upon the field of battle by king Joane of Good Memory, and died at Elvas, 1403. This romance was probably written towards the close of the fourteenth century; if in Fernando's reign, before 1383, but certainly after Edward III had laid claim to the crown of France, and when the court of

Windsor was the most splendid in Europe. This is evident from the work itself.

It is the hypothesis of Warton, that romance was introduced by the Moors into Spain, and from that country diffused over Europe. Writers of equal eminence have controverted this opinion, and advanced others equally hypothetical. Romance, or fictitious narrative, is, in fact, like poetry, common to all countries, and its character is in like manner every where modified by the circumstances of society.

The machinery of the early romance writers is probably rather of classical than of oriental origin. Classical superstitions lingered long after the triumph of christianity. The Spanish chronicles continually speak of augury. Certain practices of heathen faith were prohibited in Portugal, by a law enacted during the life of Vasco Lobeira. The fathers of the church expressly assert that the gods of the Gentiles are the fallen angels; and with this key, a catholic may believe the whole of Ovid's Metamorphoses. St. Anthony the great saw and conversed with a centaur, and St. Jerome vouches for his veracity.

Enchanted weapons may be traced to the workshop of Vulcan as easily as to the dwarfs of Scandinavia. The tales of dragons may be originally oriental; but the adventures of Jason and Hercules were popular tales in Europe, long before the supposed migration of Odin, or the birth of Mohammed. If magical rings were invented in Asia, it was Herodotus who introduced the fashion into Europe. The fairies and ladies of the lake, bear a closer resemblance to the nymphs and naiads of Rome and Greece, than to the peris of the east.

However fictitious and improbable many of the scenes in Amadis de Gaul may appear to a modern reader, it is still, Mr. Southey confidently asserts, a faithful representation of manners and morality; and although, in his translation, the original is very much curtailed, nothing is lost. The minutest traits of manners have been preserved, and not an incident of the narrative omitted.

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At a time when our libraries are loaded with tales of wonder, tales of terror, and even tales of the devil, I have thought I could amuse my readers by collecting some information respecting those invisible spirits who compose so important a part of the machinery of these popular and fascinating works. The ancient Scottish ballads are almost all founded on the supernatural agency of these beings, and accordingly, a late author, in a work which he says is dedicated to the preservation of the poetry and traditions of the "olden time," has omitted no opportunity to illustrate this subject. The general idea of spirits, he thinks, of a limited power, and subordinate nature, dwelling among the woods and mountains, is, perhaps, common to all nations. But the intermixture of tribes, of languages, and religion, which has occurred in Europe, renders it difficult to trace the origin of the names which have been bestowed upon such spirits, and the primary ideas which were entertained concerning their manners and habits.

The word *elf*, which seems to have been the original name of the beings, afterwards denominated fairies, is of Gothic origin, and probably signified, simply, a spirit of a lower order. Thus, the Saxons had not only *dun-elfen*, *berg-elfen*, and *munt-elfen*, spirits of the downs, hills and mountains; but also *feld-elfen*, *wudu-elfen*, *sæ-elfen*, and *water-elfen*; spirits of the fields, of the woods, of the sea, and of the waters. But the prototype of the English elf is to be sought chiefly in the *berg-elfen* or *duergar* of the Scandinavians. From the most early of the Icelandic Sagas, as well as from the Edda itself, we learn the belief of the northern nations in a race of dwarfish spirits, inhabiting

the rocky mountains, and approaching in some respects to the human nature. Their attributes, amongst which we recognize the features of the modern fairy, were supernatural wisdom and prescience, and skill in the mechanical arts, especially in the fabrication of arms. They are farther described as capricious, vindictive, and easily irritated.

The most distinct account of the *duergar* or elves, and their attributes, is to be found in a preface of TORFAEUS to the history of Hrolf Kraka, who cites a dissertation by Einar Gudmund, a learned native of Iceland. "I am firmly of opinion," says the Icelander, "that these beings are creatures of God, consisting, like human beings, of a body and rational soul; that they are of different sexes, and capable of producing children, and subject to all human affections, as sleeping and waking, laughing and crying, poverty and wealth; and that they possess cattle, and are obnoxious to death, like other mortals."

Similar to the traditions of the Icelanders, are those current among the Laplanders of Finland, concerning a subterranean people, gifted with supernatural qualities, and inhabiting the recesses of the earth. Resembling men in their general appearance, the manner of their existence, and their habits of life, they far excel the miserable Laplanders in perfection of nature, felicity of situation, and skill in mechanical arts. From all these advantages, however, after the partial conversion of the Laplanders, the subterranean people have derived no further credit, than to be confounded with the devils and magicians of the dark ages of christianity; a degradation, which has been also suffered by the harmless fairies of Albion, and indeed by the whole host of deities of learned Greece and mighty Rome. The ancient opinions are yet so firmly rooted, that the Laps of Finland, at this day, boast of an intercourse with these beings, in banquets, dances, and magical ceremonies, and even in the more intimate commerce of gallantry. They talk with triumph of the feasts which they have shared in the elfen caverns, where wine and tobacco, the productions of the fairy region, went round in abundance, and whence the mortal guest, after receiving the kindest treatment, and the most salutary counsel, has been conducted to his tent by an escort of his supernatural entertainers. JESSENS, *de Lapponibus.*

In these traditions of the Gothic and Finnish tribes, we may recognize with certainty the rudiments of elfen superstition; but we must look to various other causes for the modifications which it has undergone. These are to be sought in the traditions of the east, in the wreck and confusion of the Gothic mythology, in the tales of chivalry, in the fables of classical antiquity, in the influence of the christian religion, and finally, in the creative imagination of the 16th century.

Of the Persian PERIS, Ouseley, in his Persian Miscellanies, has described some characteristic traits, with all the luxuriance of a fancy, impregnated with the oriental association of ideas. However vaguely their nature and appearance is described, they are uniformly represented as gentle, amiable females, to whose character beneficence and beauty are essential. None of them are mischievous or malignant, none of them are deformed or diminutive, like the Gothic fairy. Though they correspond in beauty with our ideas of angels, their employments are dissimilar; and as they have no place in heaven, their abode is different. Neither do they resemble those intelligences, whom, on account of their wisdom, the Platonists denominate demons; nor do they correspond either to the guardian genii of the Romans, or the celestial virgins of Paradise, whom the Arabs denominate houri. But the peris hover in the balmy clouds, live in the colours of the rainbow, and, as the exquisite purity of their nature rejects all nourishment grosser than the odours of flowers, they subsist by

inhaling the fragrance of the jessamine and the rose. Though their existence is not commensurate with the bounds of human life, they are not exempted from the common fate of mortals. With the peris in Persian mythology, are contrasted the *dives*, a race of beings who differ from them in sex, appearance, and disposition. They are represented as of the male sex, cruel, wicked, and of the most hideous aspect, or, as they are described by Mr. FINCH, "with ugly shapes, long horns, staring eyes, shaggy hair, great fangs, ugly paws, long tails, with such horrible difformity and deformity, that I wonder the poor women are not frightened therewith." Though they live very long, their lives are limited, and they are obnoxious to the blows of a human foe. From the malignancy of their nature, they not only wage war with mankind, but persecute the peris with unremitting ferocity. Such are the brilliant and fanciful colours in which the imaginations of the Persian poets have depicted the charming race of the peris; and, if we consider the romantic gallantry of the knights of chivalry, and of the crusaders, it will not appear improbable that their charms might occasionally fascinate the fervid imagination of an amorous troubadour. But further: the intercourse of France and Italy with the Moors of Spain, and the prevalence of the Arabic, as the languuge of science in the dark ages, facilitated the introduction of their mythology amongst the nations of the west. Hence the romances of France, of Spain, and of Italy, unite in describing the fairy as an inferior spirit, in a beautiful female form, possessing many of the amiable qualities of the eastern peri.

While, however, the fairy of warmer climes was thus held up as an object of desire and of affection, those of Britain, and more especially those of Scotland, were far from being so fortunate; but, retaining the unamiable qualities, and dimutive size, of the Gothic elves, they only exchanged that term for the more popular appellation of fairies.

Indeed, so singularly unlucky were the British fairies, that, amid the wreck of Gothic mythology, consequent upon the introduction of christianity, they seem to have preserved with difficulty their own distinctive characteristics, while, at the same time, they engrossed the mischievous attributes of several other classes of subordinate spirits, acknowledged by the nations of the north.

The notions arising from the spirit of chivalry, combined to add to the fairies certain qualities, less atrocious indeed, but equally formidable with those which they derived from the last mentioned source, and alike inconsistent with the powers of the duerguar, whom we may term their primitive prototype. From an early period, the daring temper of the northern tribes urged them to defy even the supernatural powers. In the days of CÆSAR, the Suevi were described by their countrymen, as a people with whom the immortal gods dared not venture to contend. At a later period, the historians of Scandinavia paint their heroes and champions, not as bending at the altar of their deities, but wandering into remote forests and caverns, descending into the recesses of the tomb, and extorting boons alike from gods and demons, by dint of the sword and battle-axe. I will not detain the reader by quoting instances, in which heaven is thus described as having been literally attempted by storm. He may consult Saxo, Olaus Wormius, Olaus Magnus, Torfaeus, Bartholin, and other northern antiquaries. With such ideas of superior beings, the Normans, Saxons, and other Gothic tribes, brought their ardent courage to ferment yet more highly in the genial climes of the south, and under the blaze of romantic chivalry. Hence, during the dark ages, the invisible world was modelled after the material; and the saints, to the protection of whom the knights-er-

rant were accustomed to recommend themselves, were accoutred like *preux chevaliers* by the ardent imagination of their votaries.

To the same current of warlike ideas, we may safely attribute the long train of military processions which the fairies are occasionally supposed to exhibit. The elves, indeed, seem in this point to be identified with the aerial host, termed, during the middle ages, the *milites herlikini*, or herleurini, celebrated by PET. BLESSENSIS, and termed, in the life of *St. Thomas*, of Canterbury, the *familia helliquinii*. Such was also the *nacht sager*, or midnight camp, which seemed nightly to beleaguer the walls of Prague,

"With ghastly faces thronged, and fiery arms,"

but which disappeared upon recitation of the magical words, *vezele, vezele, ho! ho! ho!* For similar delusions, see DELRIUS, p, 294, 295.

The martial spirit of our ancestors led them to defy these aerial warriors; and it is still currently believed, that he who has courage to rush upon a fairy festival, and snatch from them their drinking cup, or horn, shall find it prove to him a cornucopia of good fortune, if he can bear it in safety across a running stream. Such a horn is said to have been presented to HENRY I, by a lord of COLCHESTER. GERVAS. TILB. p. 980. A goblet is still preserved in Edenhall, Cumberland, which is supposed to have been seized at a banquet of the elves, by one of the ancient famiiy of MUSGRAVE, in the manner above described. The fairy train vanished, crying aloud,

If this cup either break or fall,
Farewell luck to Edenhall!

The goblet took a name from the prophecy, under which it is mentioned by the duke of WHARTON:

God prosper long, from being broke,
The luck of Edenhall.

Parody on Chevy Chase.

Some faint traces yet remain on the Scottish borders, of a conflict of a mysterious and terrible nature, between mortals and the spirits of the wilds. This superstition is incidentally alluded to by JACKSON, at the beginning of the 17th century. The fern seed, which is supposed to become visible only on St. John's Eve*, and at the very moment when the baptist was born, is held by the vulgar to be under the special protection of the queen of faery. But, as the seed was supposed to have the quality of rendering the possessor invisible at pleasure†, and to be also of sovereign use in charms and incantations, persons of courage, addicted to these mysterious arts, were wont to watch in solitude, to gather it at the moment when it should become visible. The particular charms by which they fenced themselves during this vigil, are now unknown; but it was reckoned a feat of no small danger, as the person undertaking it was exposed to the most dreadful assaults from spirits, who dreaded the effect of this powerful herb in the hands of a cabalist. Such were the shades, which the original superstition, concerning the fairies, received from the chivalrous sentiments of the middle ages.

An absurd belief in the fables of classical antiquity, lent an additional feature to the character of the woodland spirits of whom we treat. Greece and Rome had not only assigned tutelary deities to each province and city, but had peopled with peculiar spirits, the seas, the rivers,

* Ne'er be I found by thee unawed,
On that thrice hallowed eve abroad,
When goblins haunt, from fire and fen,
And wood and lake, the steps of men.
COLLINS'S *Ode to Fear.*

† This is alluded to by Shakespeare, and other authors of his time. "We have the receipt of *fern-seed*; we walk invisible."
Henry IV. Part 1st, Act 2, Scene 3.

the woods, and the mountains. The memory of the pagan creed was not speedily eradicated, in the extensive provinces through which it was once universally received; and in many particulars, it continued long to mingle with and influence the original superstitions of the Gothic nations. Hence, we find the elves occasionally arrayed in the costume of Greece and Rome, and the fairy queen and her attendants transformed into Diana and her nymphs, and invested with their attributes and appropriate insignia. DELRIUS, p. 168, 807. According to the same author, the fairy queen was also called *Habundia*. Like Diana, who, in one capacity, was denominated *Hecate*, the goddess of enchantment, the fairy queen is identified, in popular tradition, with the *gyre-carline*, *gay-carline*, or mother witch, of the Scottish peasantry. Of this personage, as an individual, we have but few notices. She is sometimes termed *Nicneven*, and is mentioned in the *Complaint of Scotland*, by LINDSAY in his *Dreme*, p. 225, edit. 1590, and in his interludes apud PINKERTON'S *Scottish Poems*, vol. ii, p. 18. But the traditionary accounts concerning her are too obscure to admit of explanation.

CENTO.

For the Literary Magazine.

DESCRIPTION OF THE WAPPING DOCKS NEAR LONDON.

THE great dock contains exactly 20 acres, and the little dock or basin about three acres, which together accommodate about 250 sail. A quay 100 feet wide surrounds the great dock on all sides, excepting a small part subdivided and inclosed for tobacco, which is only about half that width, forming a length of wharfing nearly 5000 feet, and an area for landing and shipping merchandize not to be paralleled. The whole comprizes a space of the extent of 60 acres. The ground next Nightingale-lane, and on the side next the Thames, near Hermitage bridge, is purchased, and will be built upon as speedily as possible. The quays are of immense length, said to be 1,260 feet, with a shed over the front for covering goods as they may be landed, which is to be coppered over when the whole is complete. There are ten round walking cranes for hoisting goods out of the shipping. The tobacco quay is three feet higher than the great quay on the north side, for the convenience of that description of vessels. The basin contains 23 feet depth of water when filled to its regular extent, and will admit of any vessel drawing 18 feet. The great dock is 29 feet deep, twenty of which are filled with water. Its superficial contents amount to 24 acres, and it is capable of containing 200 sail of merchantmen. There is a passage at the western end, with proper locks, for the shipping to go out at when the whole of the great dock is fully occupied. This is situate between the tobacco quay on the west, and the great range of warehouses on the north side, which form a right angle at this point, where a drawbridge is to be thrown over for the convenience of passengers. On the spacious quay at the north side of the dock, there are five distinct piles of building, each containing six divisions of warehouses, which are to be connected with another range, when the whole of the plan is completed. Each body of warehouses has ten cranes in the inside. The cellars are ten feet high, are completely arched over, with an earthen flooring beaten down to equal the firm substance of brick, which is three feet above the level of the water. There are iron staunchions from the cellars to the upper story, to prevent the settling or sinking of the floors. From the most minute observation of these premises, it is evident, that the able and ingenious architect, J. Rennie, Esq., who superintended the whole of the building, has most sedulously aimed at blending, and has succeeded in the accomplishment of a work, which at

once unites simplicity and grandeur of appearance, and in which the commodious stowage of goods, and the security of them after they have been deposited, may be looked to with the most perfect confidence. There are two tobacco warehouses at the eastern end of the dock; the one 250 feet long and 200 wide, the other 762 feet in length and 160 in width. The roof of these buildings forms three distinct plain ranges across, which extends without interruption to the full length of each warehouse, displaying the most admirable simplicity of appearance on the outside, while in the inside the whole is so firmly united that nothing short of the shock of the walls upon which it stands can possibly endanger them. This range of building is raised but one floor above the ground, though the warehouses on the north side are four stories high above the cellars. But underneath the tobacco warehouses are high vaulted cellars of the same extent, one part of which is to be appropriated to the purpose of depositing wine, until the proprietor finds it convenient to have it sent to some other place. Besides the materials of which the arches are composed, there is a solid paved floor over the arches, so that if by any accident the floor above ground were to catch fire, no injury can befal the goods placed in the cellars beneath.

For the Literary Magazine.

ANECDOTES.

Dr. Saunderson, the mathematician.

THIS extraordinary man lost his sight when but a year old; but, through the assistance of kind and attentive instructors, who read to him, he became early acquainted with some of the best Greek and Roman writers, and with such studies as are preparatory to the mathematics. He was, at length, one of the best mathematicians in England. He was of Christ-college.

He obtained his degrees and rank in the university out of the usual order; and was appointed Lucasian professor of mathematics in the room of Whiston. The latter being deprived for some religious opinions, and Saunderson being no friend to divine revelation, in like manner as Dr. Halley, professor of astronomy at Oxford, Saunderson's contemporary, it was remarked, that as Whiston was set aside on account of too much religion, Saunderson was preferred for having none at all. Saunderson's talents and attainments, however, did, in the judgment of sir Isaac Newton himself, eminently qualify him for the professor's chair, whatever he might think on religious matters; and he was much admired for his regard to veracity, both in profession and practice.

A blind man giving lectures in optics was a singular phenomenon, and might appear incredible, except to such as are aware, that this science is taught by help of what is tangible; that in proportion as man is defective in one sense, he is often almost wonderfully gifted with another; and that blindness is favourable no less to reflection, than to memory, and works of imagination.

It is remarkable, that though Saunderson was known to be an unbeliever, he desired to receive the communion before he died.

Mr. Gray.

Mr. Walpole, *lord Orford*, who travelled with this poet, and to whom many letters in Mason's Life of Gray are addressed, used to say, that he was an unbeliever. On the other hand, in the work alluded to, there is a letter of Gray's to Mr. Beattie, in which he speaks sarcastically and contemptuously of both Hume and Voltaire. Whatever his religious sentiments might be, he appears to have been possessed of a disinterested independent mind:

Beneath the good how far!
But far above the great!

—

Lord Thurlow.

Mr. Pitt, when chancellor of the exchequer, was sufficiently notorious for the positiveness with which he delivered and supported his opinions. Lord Thurlow once rebuked him in his own way. Mr. Pitt was declaiming, at a cabinet dinner, on the energy and beauty of the Latin language; and, amongst other things, mentioned as a peculiar elegance in it, that two negatives made a thing more positive than one affirmative possibly could. "Then," said Thurlow, "your father and mother must have been two *negatives*, to have made such a damned *positive* fellow as you are."

—

Judas Iscariot.

Almost as many cities have contended about the birth of Judas Iscariot, as for that of Homer; the isle of Corfu seems to have the strongest claim, as within the last century, a family, there, affirmed themselves to be descended from that renegade apostle. Pontius Pilate, too, has handed down his name and race to almost our own times; since, in the time of Louis XIV, a gentleman whose connections were at Vienne in Dauphine, owned that unsteady magistrate for the stock whence his family were sprung, and produced a tolerably probable pedigree. It was this Viennois, of whom it is recorded, that he thus addressed a stranger who happened to be riding with him near a crucifix. "That worthy gentleman," said he, pointing to our Saviour, "was very ill treated by an ancestor of mine, some years ago."

—

Dutch Taste.

An English gentleman being one day at the India House, met with a Dutch merchant who had never before been in London. The Dutchman had occasion to go to the west end of the town; the Englishman offered to accompany him, and, wishing to *astonish him*, by an advantageous view of St. Paul's cathedral, took him through the back streets into Doctors' Commons, and came out at the arched gate; when taking his Dutch friend into the corner by the spotted dog, desired him to look up at what might justly be deemed the eighth wonder of the world, *St. Paul's cathedral!* "Aha," said the Dutchman, "is it so? Well, it is fourteen days since I did set my watch in Amsterdam, and look here—it is within half a minute of that church dial!" Thus ended an attempt to *astonish* a Dutchman, by a piece of architecture, and one would almost think it was equally difficult to attract the notice of a native, when it is considered that of this superb building there has no print of any consequence been engraved.

—

Akenside.

He was an excellent scholar, and well acquainted with Greek literature. From his most splendid poem, the Pleasures of Imagination, and his Hymn to the Naiads, with the notes, it appears, he was a Platonist. He was intended for a dissenting minister, but soon relinquished the assistance which he received from some dissenting fund, in order to devote himself to studies, and a profession, more congenial to his taste. He was an ardent friend to liberty. The following little poem of his shows his turn of mind; that love of fame was his ruling passion:

On a Sermon against Glory.

Come, then, tell me, sage divine,
Is it an offence to own
That our bosoms e'er incline
To immortal Glory's throne?
For with me nor pomp nor pleasure,
Bourbon's might, Braganza's treasure,

So can Fancy's dreams rejoice,
So conciliate Reason's choice,
As one approving word of her impartial voice.

If to spurn at noble praise
Be the passport to thy heaven,
Follow thou those gloomy ways:
No such law to me was given.
Nor, I trust, shall I deplore me
Faring like my friends before me;
Nor a holier place desire
Than Timoleon's arms require,
And Tully's curule chair, and Milton's golden lyre.

Dr. Darwin.

Dr. Darwin was a philosopher and a poet. His poetry addresses at once the reason, for it relates to science, and the imagination, for it is employed in fiction. The philosophy of Darwin, and the calvinism of Cowper, were certainly different things; but each admired the other's poetry, and in this respect they manifested themselves to be true poets, *testes veritatis* to each other: we mean of poetical truth; for poetry is not an affair of metaphysics, nor of philosophical calculation, any more than of straight lines or curves, of triangles or quadrangles, of circles, tangents, or secants.

For the Literary Magazine.

DUELLING.

TWO friends disputed in a coffeehouse, and one was induced to throw the tables, on which they were playing, at the other. In a moment, all the horrors of his situation occurred to him. He must either kill his friend, or be killed by him. He went to him at once, apologized for his passion, and offered his hand as a proof of reconciliation, which the other immediately accepted. "Now, gentlemen," says he, turning to the company, "I know the construction that may be put on my behaviour, but I am ready to go out with any one who disapproves of it." It need scarcely be added that no censurer appeared; *Vive le sentiment!* was the general acclamation.

For the Literary Magazine.

A SKETCH OF THE PENNSYLVANIA HOSPITAL,

Drawn up in 1801.

THIS institution was founded in 1752, for the relief of the lunatics and sick poor of Pennsylvania, and has been supported ever since, by *legacies and private contributions.*

The contributors have, by law, the liberty to graft upon it a lying-in and foundling hospital, as soon as sufficient funds can be procured.

The contributors consist of persons who have given ten pounds, or more, and are incorporated, by the title of, *Contributors to the Pennsylvania Hospital;* such may vote at elections for managers, and be voted for, but derive no pecuniary advantage from their character as contributors. A sum less than ten pounds, is called a donation.

The contributors have perpetual succession, with power to elect twelve managers, a treasurer, and other officers, and make rules for the well-ordering of the house. They may hold lands, and tenements, not exceeding the yearly value of one thousand pounds, and any goods and chattels whatsoever; provided, that no general meeting of the contributors, or persons acting under them, shall employ any money or other estate, expressly given to the capital stock of the hospital, in any other way, than by applying its annual interest or rent, towards the entertainment and care of the sick and distempered poor, and shall from time to time be brought and placed therein, for the cure of their dis-

eases, from any part of the state, without partiality or preference.

If there should not be a constant succession of contributors to meet yearly and chuse managers, then the hospital, its estate and affairs, are to be under the direction of such persons as the legislature may appoint.

By a bye-law, the power of directing the manner and terms of receiving and discharging patients is vested in the managers, who made a rule, that if there should be room in the hospital, after as many poor patients are accomodated as the interest of the capital stock can support, such others may be received as they can on reasonable rates agree for; and that the profits arising from boarding and nursing such patients, shall be appropriated to the same uses as the interest money of the public stock. The price of board is various, according to the applicant's ability to pay, changes with the rise and fall of provisions, and the like.

The overseers of the poor of Pennsylvania, and religious societies therein, who support the poor by their own voluntary subscriptions, pay but *three dollars* a week, which is about the first cost of one person's maintenance, including medicine and all charges, except clothing and funeral expences.

The overseers of the poor of other states pay *four dollars;* private patients, who are residents of Pennsylvania, from *three and a half, to six dollars;* and non-residents from *four and a half, to eight dollars.* Every patient may chuse his own physician, but he must be one of the house physicians.

Amputation is not to be performed, unless the patient consent, nor then, unless three physicians agree to it, after a consultation on the case.

The sick, especially strangers, have reason to prefer the hospital to any tavern, or boarding-house,

Because the physicians are of the most eminent,

The nurses are the most experienced,

The apartments are the most convenient, and

The price of board is lower than any individual can afford to take.

The patient has likewise the satisfaction of knowing, that if there be any profit, it is given to the poor.

A physician of the hospital must be twenty-seven years of age, before he can be elected; and serves gratis.

The resident apothecary attends the library, exhibits and explains the museum, administers prescriptions, and visits and dresses the patients.

Two managers and physicians meet twice a week in the hospital, at 11 o'clock in the morning, to admit and discharge patients.

At intervening times, the applicant must repair to one of the monthly physicians, who, if he deems the case a proper one, certifies it in writing to the sitting manager, who takes the usual security, and gives an order for admission.

Overseers of the poor from the country, who bring a patient, must produce a certificate signed by two magistrates, denoting that they are in office, and that the pauper proposed for admission resides in their district.

Persons with infectious diseases are not to be received, nor incurable cases, lunatics excepted; but, any person living in or near Philadelphia, receiving by accident a desperate wound, or having a fractured limb, may be brought to the hospital, without an order, and he will be received day or night, provided he is brought immediately.

From the time the hospital was founded, there have been admitted into it about ten thousand patients, great numbers of whom have been lunatics. Some of these have been twenty or thirty years in the house. Hence arose the disagreeable necessity of limiting their number, so that not more than one half of the paupers should be of that class, lest they should occupy the whole

house, to the exclusion of other cases, which have an equal claim, the hospital being an assylum not only for maniacs, but all others, except the sick of infectious diseases.

Besides ten thousand admitted, nearly as many *out patients* have been attended, from the dispensary of this institution, and supplied with medicines gratis. These comprehend the poorest classes of people, afflicted with every disease to which the human frame is liable.

In 1801, there were ninety-three patients in the hospital, of whom sixty-three were on pay, and thirty on the poor list; of the whole number, sixty-three were lunatics.

The buildings are nearly completed, and have cost as they now stand, about *eighty-four thousand* dollars, towards which, at different times, the legislature have given *sixty-six thousand dollars.*

Not the least doubt is entertained, but that they will pay the difference, finish the hospital, and preserve it, *a state contribution*, for the uses intended.

The hospital exhibits in the centre, a house, sixty-four feet in front, elevated above all the adjoining buildings, and projecting beyond them a proper distance. On the top is a sky-light, to enlighten the theatre for surgical operations; from which there is a beautiful view of the city, the river Delaware, Germantown, Frankford, the Fort, and several elegant country seats on the Schuylkill. Two large stair-cases, leading to the several wards, are contained in the centre.

Adjoining it on the east, is a ward, eighty feet front, twenty-seven feet wide, and three stories high; at the end, a wing crosses it, north and south, extending in length one hundred and ten feet.

In the middle of the wing, opposite the ward, is a hall, twenty-eight feet square, including a stair-case, projecting beyond the other part of the wing, sufficient to cover the cornice, and raised one story above them, with a cupola that affords a secure way out in case of fire.

Adjoining the centre on the west, are a ward and wing, similar to those on the east, except that the wards are about thirty-four feet broad; this extension was adopted, in order to admit double rows of rooms to accomodate a greater number of lunatics. The difference, even to an accurate observer, is scarcely perceivable.

The whole extent of the building east and west, is two hundred and seventy-eight feet. The east and west fronts, as well as the centre, make an agreeable appearance. Detached from the hospital, at a little distance, is a separate building, with a convenient enclosure for venereal patients, who are kept by themselves. There are also other apartments, as

Stable, ice-house, smoke-house, fire-engine house, &c.

Rooms in the hospital are appropriated to the following uses.

For the library	1
Contributors	1
Managers	1
Museum	1
Apothecary's shop	1
Bathing rooms	2
Theatre for operations	1
Wash-house, bake-house, and kitchens	4
Cell keeper and his wife	1
Steward, matron, and maids in the centre house	8
Lunatics in the west wing and ward	70
Do. in the east	16
For sick and wounded	23
In all wards and rooms.	130

The lunatics being separated from the sick by the central building, the latter are not incommoded with their noise. The capital stock consists of ground rents and money at interest, the annual amount of which is about three thousand four hundred dollars. There are no other funds for the support of poor patients, except the profit of pay patients, both

of which sums united, will not maintain more than thirty persons; nor can the number be increased, till by legacies, or future contributions, the funds are enlarged. This is much to be lamented, as every convenience is provided in the hospital for at least three hundred persons, but for want of adequate funds, the contributors are obliged to refuse to many the benefits of an institution so well adapted in all other respects for their relief.

The unproductive part of the estate consists of land bought by the contributors, and of the museum and medical library.

This ground was mostly purchased early, when land was low, but is now become valuable, being within the improved limits of the city.

The hospital stands in a quadrangle, three hundred and ninety-six feet in width, and four hundred and sixty-eight feet in length, containing about four acres. Round it is a brick wall, shaded by a row of the plantanus occidentalis. Within the wall, the ground is decorated with gardens, grass-plots, gravel walks, hedges, &c.

It holds also ground on the east and west, containing, together, more than six acres, parallel with the ground on which the buildings are erected. The hospital is situated in the middle of three great squares, intended to be always vacant; which, beside the open streets, measure more than thirteen acres.

The contributors have also bought ground on the south side of the hospital. Their object in providing so much ground, was to secure a current of air for the benefit of the sick. The policy of this provision was never more conspicuous than during the late fevers, particularly in 1793, when not a person took it in the hospital, though upwards of four thousand died of it, in about four months, that year, in the city.

Knowing the inestimable value of open ground to the hospital, the contributors have a confident assurance, that avarice itself will never dare to propose the alienation of one foot of the ground, which they have provided at their own expence for so benevolent a use.

The anatomical museum is a collection of preparations in wax, and some fine paintings, worth not less than three thousand dollars. The paintings are the gift of the late Dr. Fothergill, of London, valued at one thousand dollars. The other part was the property of the late Dr. Chovet, and purchased of his daughter with a life annuity of fifty pounds sterling per annum. Persons admitted to see this museum, which is very interesting, pay one dollar each.

The library comprises about seventeen hundred volumes of *medical books*, and is thought to be the best collection of the kind in this country; this and the museum are enlarged and supported by a fund of about five hundred dollars per annum, which medical pupils, who attend the lectures from all parts of the continent, and the West-Indies, pay for the privilege of reading, and observing the practice of the house; the money is applied to enlarge the collection, with the consent of the physicians, who, in other countries, enjoy these perquisites themselves.

The number who attended the hospital in 1801, were about one hundred.

The managers, treasurer, and physicians, are all contributors, and serve gratis, except that persons in affluence pay the physicians, as they would if attended in private houses.

Such are the principles on which this institution has been raised and supported. As it has been of the greatest public utility, it is hoped it will continue to excite attention, till, by the enlargement of its funds, its benefits may be extended to greater numbers.

Legacies are usually given in the corporate name, thus,

I give and bequeath to the contributors of the Pennsylvania hospital, to be added to the capital stock, dollars.

For the Literary Magazine.

ICE-HOUSES.

THE following description of an improved ice-house is drawn up from a more diffuse account, published by Mr. Thomas Moore, in the Medical Repository.

The most favourable situation for ice-houses, is a north hill side, near the top. Open a pit twelve feet square at top, ten at bottom, and eight or nine feet deep: logs may be laid round the top at the beginning, and the earth dug out, raised behind them so as to make a part of the depth of the pit. A drain should be made at one corner, the spout to carry off the water should descend from the pit, except a short piece at the outward extremity, which ought to turn up; the depressed part will always stand full of water, and prevent communication with the external air. Dig holes in the bottom of the pit, and set therein four perpendicular corner posts, and an intermediate one on each side; let the insides of these posts form a square of eight feet in the middle of the pit. Then, in order to avoid damp from below, cover the bottom three or four inches deep with dry sand. In fixing a proper floor for the ice to rest on, let three or four sleepers, supported at the ends, be placed across the square included by the posts; their upper edges about a foot from the bottom, but so that the plank laid thereon may have a descent of a few inches towards one of the sides next the drain. The plank should be two inches thick, and about half seasoned; jointed, grooved, and tongued, or lathed, and grooves cut near the joints, in the upper side, so as to prevent any water from going through. The floor must extend a little without the inner sides of the posts, so that the water dripping from the sides may fall on the floor. Then fix a plank, or spout, at the lower end of the floor, in such a manner as to convey the water into the drain. The floor completed, begin at the bottom, and plank inside of the posts with 3-4 or 5-8 plank, lapping the lower edge of each a little on the one below, so that the water may be kept in; this done to the top of the posts, which should be even with the top of the pit, and the inside will be completed, except that it will be proper to cover the floor with loose plank, previous to putting in the ice. The roof may be of any material, and in any form that will defend the pit from wet, from the direct rays of the sun, and also admit a free circulation of air: none would answer better than one made of thatch, supported by posts a few feet from the ground.

Early in the winter, fill the interstice between the ice chamber and the bank with clean dry straw closely pressed; this done early, will prevent the earth from freezing, which would be injurious to the sides of the pit. The ice should be collected in the coldest weather, and exposed at least one night to the cold atmosphere after it is removed from the water, which will reduce its temperature many degrees, if the weather is severe. When put into the house, it should be beaten small, and frequently sprinkled with water whilst putting in; the mass would by that means be rendered more compact. When the chamber is filled, cover the whole with a good thickness of straw. It would be best to cover the ice first with plank, supported by the sides of the chamber, only leaving a door to descend.

Such a house will contain about ten ton; and will afford an ample supply to a private family.

The expence would not exceed twenty dollars; and if a great part of the business be done by the family, which in the country in general it very well may, the expence need not be five dollars. Those who are less sparing of expence, may wall, or what is better, plank up the sides of the pit, and finish the roof in a style of elegance.

In level situations, where a drain cannot be conveniently dug out from the bottom of the pit, it would an-

swer to enclose the ice by a mound raised above the surface of the earth, through which the water may be discharged; in other respects to be similar to the foregoing. This would not be quite so cool a repository as if under the surface of earth; but the loss of a few degrees in temperature bears little proportion to the advantage resulting from dryness.

If the floor should be perfectly tight, the passage of heat to the ice would be rendered still more difficult by confining a quantity of dry ashes, saw-dust, straw, or some other non-conductor between the floor and the bottom of the pit.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON ATTACHMENT TO THE ANCIENTS.

THERE are some prejudices, which, when broken through, leave the mind in astonishment, that it could ever have submitted to them. Such is that of annexing authority to antiquity. In consequence of false analogy, we connect the ideas of age and experience with the circumstance of having lived long ago; and thus we invert the proper notion of the "wisdom of age," and look for it at the wrong end. We imagine a man with grey hairs, and calling him by the venerable name of father, invest him with the same authority over our opinions, as that relation confers while we are children. Thus, we have fathers of poetry, of history, of criticism, of physic, of the church, whose precepts and examples it was long considered a duty to receive with profound respect, which many, through want of reflection, still pay. All the authority which accumulated knowledge and experience can bestow is on the side of a modern when compared with an ancient; and the latter can only possess the advantage of superior genius, which there seems no reason to attribute to him, except from direct proof. In demonstrative science, and in those arts which can be brought to the test of utility, this delusion in favour of antiquity has necessarily given way; but in matters of mere taste or opinion, its sway is yet considerable. In Britain, at the close of the eighteenth century, it has been thought worth while to publish more than one new translation of Aristotle's Poetics, with elaborate commentaries, as if he were still the standard of critical judgment, and the legislator of that species of composition. But if we for a moment reflect, that Aristotle was acquainted with no other writers than those in his own language; that of many kinds of poetry there existed in his time no models at all, and of others only very recent and imperfect ones; that in the lapse of two thousand years, the objects of nature and art, the forms and manners of social life, and the facts of every kind that have been added to the stock of human observation, are innumerable; surely no rational opinion of his superior talents will suffice to maintain him in the dictatorial chair.

It is true, a general acquaintance with the history of opinions is part of the knowledge of man, which should comprehend what he has *thought*, as well as what he has *done;* but to consume laborious days and nights in endeavouring to fathom the meaning of writers who never had a precise meaning, but have merely dressed in a solemn and specious garb the reveries of an unchastised imagination, is sacrificing too much to vain curiosity or misplaced admiration. Who are Plato, Aristotle, and a hundred other celebrated names, that so much pains should be bestowed, on reconciling their contradictions, clearing up their obscurities, penetrating their mysteries, and doing for them, what, if they were really the master-writers they are supposed, their works would not require? "He who is not intelligible, is seldom intelligent," is a maxim, due attention to which would cut short

many a profound disquisition on the sense of authors.

Enfield's History of Philosophy contains a sketch of opinions contained in works, which of themselves would fill a copious library. But of these how very few are intrinsically worth a more minute examination than this sketch presents! How manifest is it to an unprejudiced mind, that this great mass of opinion chiefly relates to subjects either utterly unfathomable by the human understanding, or the mere creation of verbal sophistry! Even what seems to belong to practical wisdom, is generally so artificial and chimerical in its principles, that it may well be denominated

Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy.

The niceties of Greek and Latin prosody, which it might cost some of the best years of life to acquire, are, to us at least, mere facts, derived from authority; and though the formation and mechanism of language is, in some sense, a branch of philosophy, yet it is of a kind which bears little upon other topics. In undertaking to explain the sense of an author, indeed, the critic or commentator must be master of all the knowledge referred to by that author; and this will often oblige him to take a wide range through the history, mythology, arts, manners, and customs of antiquity; but what a mass of extravagance and absurdity must he encounter in this progress! and how much must his memory be burthened with a multitude of trifling particulars! How fully these occupy the mind, to the exclusion of more valuable matter, is evident from the gross ignorance occasionally displayed by annotators, when they touch upon topics which ought to be determined by an appeal to fact, rather than to books. I confess I should feel hesitation in accepting the mental stock of a Saumaise, a Scaliger, a Bentley, and a Burman, high as they rank in the records of erudition. Y.

POETRY.

For the Literary Magazine.

EXTRACT FROM A POEM, ENTITLED THE FORESTERS.

Written on a Journey from Philadelphia to the Falls of Niagara, Oct. 1804.

ONCE more the dawn arous'd us to the road.
Our fare discharg'd, we left this lone abode,
And down through deep'ning swamps pursued our way,
Where tow'ring hemlocks quite shut out the day.
Majestic solitudes! all dead and deep,
The green moss matted o'er each mould'ring heap.
On every side with watchful looks we spy,
Each rustling leaf attracts our eager eye.
Sudden the whirring tribe before us rise,
The woods resound! the fluttering pheasant dies;
Light floating feathers hover on the gale,
And the blue smoke rolls slowly through the vale.
Again, slow stealing o'er the shaded road,
Trailing their broad barr'd tails, two pheasants strode;
The levell'd tube its fiery thunders pour'd,
And deep around the hollow forest roar'd:
Low in the dust the mangled victims lie,
And conscious triumph fills each traveller's eye.

Now thick'ning rains began to cloud the air;
Our guns we muffle up, our only care;
Darker and heavier still the tempest lour'd,

And on the rattling leaves incessant pour'd;
The groaning limbs in hollow murmurs wav'd,
And all around the rising tempest rav'd.
Below dark dropping pines we onward tread,
Where Bear Creek grumbles down his gloomy bed,
Through darksome gulphs, where bats for ever skim,
The haunt of howling wolves and panthers grim.
At length two hovels through the pines appear,
And from the lashing storm we shelter'd here;
Two lank lean dogs traverse the loosen'd floor,
A pouch and rifle hang behind the door.
Shrill through the logs the whistling tempest beats,
And the rough woodsman welcomes us to seats;
Before the blazing fire we smoking stand,
Our musquets glittering in the hunter's hand,
Now pois'd, now levell'd to his curious eye,
Then in the chimney corner set to dry.
The offer'd bottle heartily he tries,
And the plump game our active pilot fries.
Meantime some powder on our host bestow'd,
His sun-burnt visage at the prospect glow'd;
New moulded bullets quickly he prepar'd,
Survey'd the glist'ning grain with fix'd regard,
Then charg'd his rifle with the precious store,
And threw the horn his brawny shoulders o'er,
Secur'd his punk, his matches, flint, and steel,
The dogs in transport barking at his heel;
Then in his blanket bade his wife good-bye,
For three long nights in dreary woods to lie.

Besmear'd with mud, and drench'd with soaking rain,
Through pools of dashing mire we drove amain,
Night dark'ning round us, till in lucky hour,
Led by its light, we reach'd a cottage door;
There welcom'd in, we bless'd our happy lot,
And all the drudgery of the day forgot.
A noble fire its blazing pile display'd,
Clean shelves of pewter dazzling round array'd,
Where rows of ruddy apples, rang'd with care,
With grateful fragrance fill'd the balmy air.
In broken Dutch I jok'd with all around,
Told who we were, from whence, and whither bound.
The cottage group a ready op'ning made,
And "welcome, friends," the honest German said.
Well pleas'd our guns and knapsacks we resign'd,
Th' adjoining pump or running stream to find;
There wash'd our boots, and, entering, took our seat,
Stripp'd to the trousers in the glowing heat.
The mindful matron spread her table near,
Smoking with meat, and pil'd with plenteous cheer;
And supper o'er, brought forth and handed round
A massy bowl, with mellow apples crown'd;
For all our wants a mother's care express'd,
And press'd us oft, and pick'd us out the best.
But D——n smil'd, and slily seem'd to seek
More tempting fruit in Susan's glowing cheek;
For though no English rosy Susan knew,
She spoke love's language, and could read it too.
My marvellous tales the list'ning host beguil'd,
And D——n woo'd, and L—— in secret smil'd,
Till early bed-time summoned us to part,
And Susan's glances spoke her yielding heart.

Swift flew the night, in soundest sleep enjoy'd;
By dawn we start, and find all hands employed;
The wheel, the cards, by fire-light buzzing go,
The careful matron kneads her massy dough;

Ev'n little Mary at her needles sits,
And, while she nurses pussey, nicely knits.
Our gen'rous friends their courtesy bestow'd,
Refus'd all price, and pointed out the road,
With kindest wishes bade us all farewell,
What Susan felt the rising tear could tell.

Blest Hospitality! to Heaven allied,
The stranger's guardian, comforter, and guide,
Whose cheering voice and sympathetic eye
Ev'n angels honour as they hover nigh,
Confin'd, in mercy to our wand'ring race,
To *no one* country, people, age, or place,
Who for the homeless and the exil'd lives,
And smiles the sweeter still the more she gives,
Oh! if on earth one spot I e'er can claim,
One humble dwelling, ev'n without a name,
Do thou, blest spirit! be my partner there,
Our little all with sons of woe to share,
Beside our fire the stranger's looks to see,
That swim in moisture as he thinks on thee,
To hear his tales of wild-wood wand'rings through,
His ardent blessings as he bids adieu;
Then let the selfish hug their gold divine,
Ten thousand dearer pleasures shall be mine.

A. W——N.

Gray's Ferry, Aug. 12, 1805.

For the Literary Magazine.

ODE,

DELIVERED AS AN EXERCISE AT THE COLLEGE AT SHENECTADY, IN 1798.

Written by the late J. B. Linn.

I.

1.

MAY peace and science bless this plain!
No foe disturb its happy reign!
Far on the wings of opening day
Be borne the hovering glooms away!

2.

Here once the Indian wigwam stood;
The bark canoe once dash'd our flood;
Dark through our pines the hunter pass'd,
His yell arose upon the blast.

3.

Here once the soul where reason glows
Lay sunk and buried in repose;
The dismal shades of midnight spread,
The body liv'd, the soul was dead.

4.

But lo! emerging from the sky,
Bright Science waves her torch on high,
Far from our plains the mystic light
Dispels the baneful glooms of night.

CHORUS.

May peace and science bless this plain!
No foe disturb its happy reign!
Far on the wings of opening day
Be borne the hovering glooms away!

II.

1.

Who shall awake the sleeping lyre
Once smote by Grecian hand?
What bard with awful Homer's fire
Shall bless our infant land?

2.

What genius of our modern age
Shall soar to Pindar's height?
Who like the academic sage
Shall dart his piercing sight?

3.

Where sleeps the orator that hurl'd
Death on the traitor's head?
The hero's arm that aw'd the world,
Which tyrants saw—and fled?

4.

Genius of Greece, O visit here,
Here rest thy weary wing,
Accept the altar which we rear,
Accept the lays we sing!

5.

The Mohawk's bold and rushing flood
Let thy Ilyssus prove;
Our rural scenes and waving wood
Thy academic grove.

III.

1.
What airy visions rise!
What music floats around!
What rapture bursts upon my eyes!
What trembling heaves the ground!

2.
The genius of our seat
Descends on wings of air;
Soft Zephyrs kiss her twinkling feet,
And wave her golden hair.

3.
She casts her view around
Her scientific throng;
She bids the voice of music sound,
And echo waft the song:

4.
"Sons of my darling care!
My bosom burns for you;
For you I breathe the fervent pray'r,
To you I bid adieu.

5.
"The laurell'd wreath I bring,
Which you have nobly won,
Its honours yet in embyro spring,
To crown my daring son.

6.
"Farewell, departing youth,
Receive a parent's tear;
Continue in the paths of truth,
Which you have follow'd here."

7.
Her arms the goddess spread,
The song of rapture flows,
She wav'd the laurels of her head,
And on the wind arose.

IV.

CONCLUSION.

Tune, cxxxvii Ps.—Israel's Captivity.

Along the banks where Babel's current flows.

1.
The scene is o'er, the tear of sorrow falls,
A solemn silence fills these sacred walls;
Loud let our sad and sympathetic strains
Breathe on the stillness which around us reigns.

2.
"Ingenuous youth, receive our parting lays,
Our warmest wishes, and our last adieu;
Our friendship crowns you with the voice of praise,
And envy owns that honour is your due.

3.
"No more we'll meet you with our social band,
No more your presence will endear each scene,
No more we'll clasp you with a brother's hand,
Nor mark your footsteps o'er our village green.

4.
"No more yon curfew, at the peep of dawn,
Will call you slumbering from your quiet bed,
No more, when evening shades the dusky lawn,
Your voice will echo from bold Snowden's head.

5.
"The world demands you from this peaceful shade;
Go to the world, be happy and be wise,
Grasp at those honours which shall never fade,
But shun those honours where destruction lies."

For the Literary Magazine.

MONODY, TO THE MEMORY OF EDWARD EDES, ESQ.

By Mr. Story.

SHALL monumental busts arise
To deck some hero's sanguine fame?
Shall trophies charm the curious eyes,
Reared but in mockery of a name?
And all this vain parade of show
Tell, that some monster lies below?

Yes, let them rise, let pensioned bards
Lament in flattery's venal lays;
Time with unaltered truth awards
The equal meed of well earned praise;
In vain shall splendid verse presume
To gild ambition's treacherous tomb;
No bribes can bid the incense burn
Round titled frailty's wintry urn;
Oblivion's secret canker steals
To blot the useless name, which vice reveals.

But to the good, the wise, the great,
No terror sends impending fate;
Tho' no bright star their steps attend,
No public glory crown their end,
Theirs is the fame, that charms the good,
"The still, small voice of gratitude,"
Love's sacred tear, religion's prayer,
And all that lifts the soul, and soothes despair.

Such be thy praise, lamented EDES,
Dear be thy memory to the just;
Silent in life, thy generous deeds
Embalm with fragrant sweets thy dust.
They breathe in every form confest,
They live in sorrow's grateful breast.

Friend of the poor, thy cheering voice
Could hush the trembling orphan's sigh,
Bid the faint heart with hope rejoice,
And teach the righteous how to die;
Oft has the perished form of grief
Found in thy smiles its wished relief,
Oft bleeding misery learned to bless
The hand, that closed the wounds of deep distress.

Nor less shall friendship fondly own
The hours of bright, domestic ease,
When all the parent's virtue shone,
So mild to win, so formed to please:
No fairer boon can mortals know,
No richer blessing Heaven bestow.

And are these scenes for ever fled,
Where oft my soul, with cares oppressed,
Indulged the social joys, which shed
Delicious sunshine thro' the breast?
Ah, soothing scenes! ah, happy hours!
Swept like a meteor from the sky,
No more I hail your gentler powers,
The storm has past, the ruins lie;
O'er the sad wreck unsettled glooms prevail,
And to the startled soul unfold the painful tale.

Yet, sainted shade, tho' pity mourn,
With fondest reverence o'er thy doom,
The wreaths, that shade thy honoured urn,
Shall live in hope's perennial bloom;
And while the muse her homage pays
In humble, not unhallowed lays,
While wrapt affection loves to trace
Each favorite look, each social grace,
Heard from the heavens, the voice of peace
Shall bid each anxious murmuring cease;
Blest are the dead, whose souls are pure,
Their sufferings past, their glory sure.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

THERE will shortly be published a poem, of which our present number contains an extract, entitled, *The Foresters.* It is large, and comprehends a great variety of scenery and character, and incidents faithfully pourtrayed from nature, and but little known in our modern artificial book-made rhymes. From the specimen now before us, together with many other samples of the author's talents, which have come under our observation, we entertain very sanguine expectations of the present performance.

Messrs. Cushing and Appleton, of Salem, have just issued a new edition of C. Crispi Sallustii, Belli Catilinarii et Jugurthini Historiæ, &c. "The text," say the publishers, "has been carefully revised, and collated with three of the best editions of this au-

thor, and unwearied pains taken in correcting the press. The notes are chiefly selected from those of the edition *In usum Delphini*. The redundancies of that commentary are expunged, and many additional annotations inserted from commentators and philologists of the first authority. To give a greater value to this edition with the more advanced scholar, the *various readings* of the most importance are occasionally pointed out in the notes. By a late regulation of Harvard university, a knowledge of Sallust has been made pre-requisite to admission into that seminary, and the present edition was originally undertaken at the request and with the approbation of the governors of that institution, and has been superintended by a gentleman lately a member of that body. The Elzevir edidions of the classics have been made the model, as to the arrangement of the page and size of the character, and the impression is from a new and handsome type."

A poem, of considerable length, has been lately published, at Salem, Massachusetts, by Mr. Joseph Story, called the Power of Solitude. The writer seems to have imbibed his inspiration from a close study of Campbell, Rodgers, and Merry, and to have taken the materials of his fabric from the Essay on Solitude by Zimmerman. An impartial reader will discover, with regret, a spirit in this performance by no means equal to that which pervades its prototypes. Some of the smaller poems which accompany it possess, however, no inconsiderable share of merit.

The Age of Leo X has been just published by Roscoe, and a copy of the work has been received by the American publishers of Lorenzo de Medici. It is intended to republish the present performance as soon as the suitable preparations can be made. The present work is far more diversified and entertaining in its topics than the last, while there appears in it no decay of the author's genius, taste, and diligence. The age of Leo is one of the most memorable eras in the political, as well as in the literary history of Europe. The French revolution, vast and portentous as it is, is an event far less extensive in its influence, and less momentous in its consequences, than the *reformation*, and the true causes of the reformation are to be found in the character and councils of Leo X, and are topics peculiarly suited to the learning and sagacity of Roscoe. The variety, indeed, of the present work gives it a very great superiority to the former one, and will enable it to engage the attention of a far greater number of readers.

The following valuable works are in the press of James Humphries, of Philadelphia:

Edwards' History of the West Indies, in four volumes, octavo, with a separate atlas of the islands, from sir William Young's edition. The first and second volumes of this work are already published, the third and fourth we understand will be shortly ready, and the maps for the atlas are in the engraver's hands, executing in the very best manner.

Boyer on the Diseases of the Bones, illustrated with plates; and with additional notes and plates, by J. Hartshorne, M. D., of the Pennsylvania hospital.

Practical Observations in Surgery, illustrated with cases and plates, by William Hey, Esq., F. R. S., member of the royal college of surgeons in London, &c.

The Dictionary of Merchandize, and Nomenclature in all Languages, for the use of counting-houses: containing the history, places of growth, culture, use, and marks of excellency, of such natural productions as form articles of commerce.